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Christmas: The Anal Tradition • Gorgeous Gifts  
Mutilate of Omaha • Obscenity Parody  
Little Nemo • Tacky Turkeys • Salteens Part II

# HARPOON

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Roughing Up Santa

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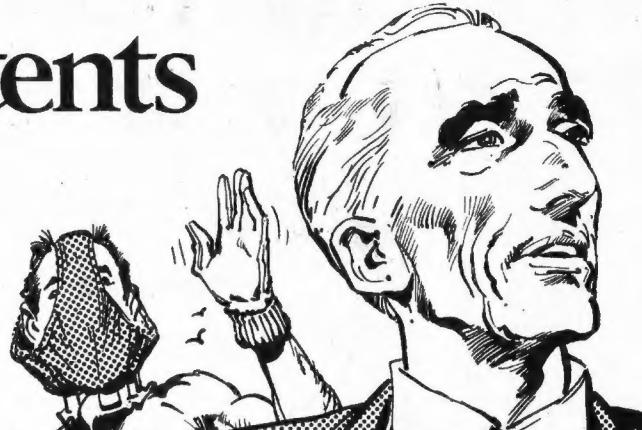
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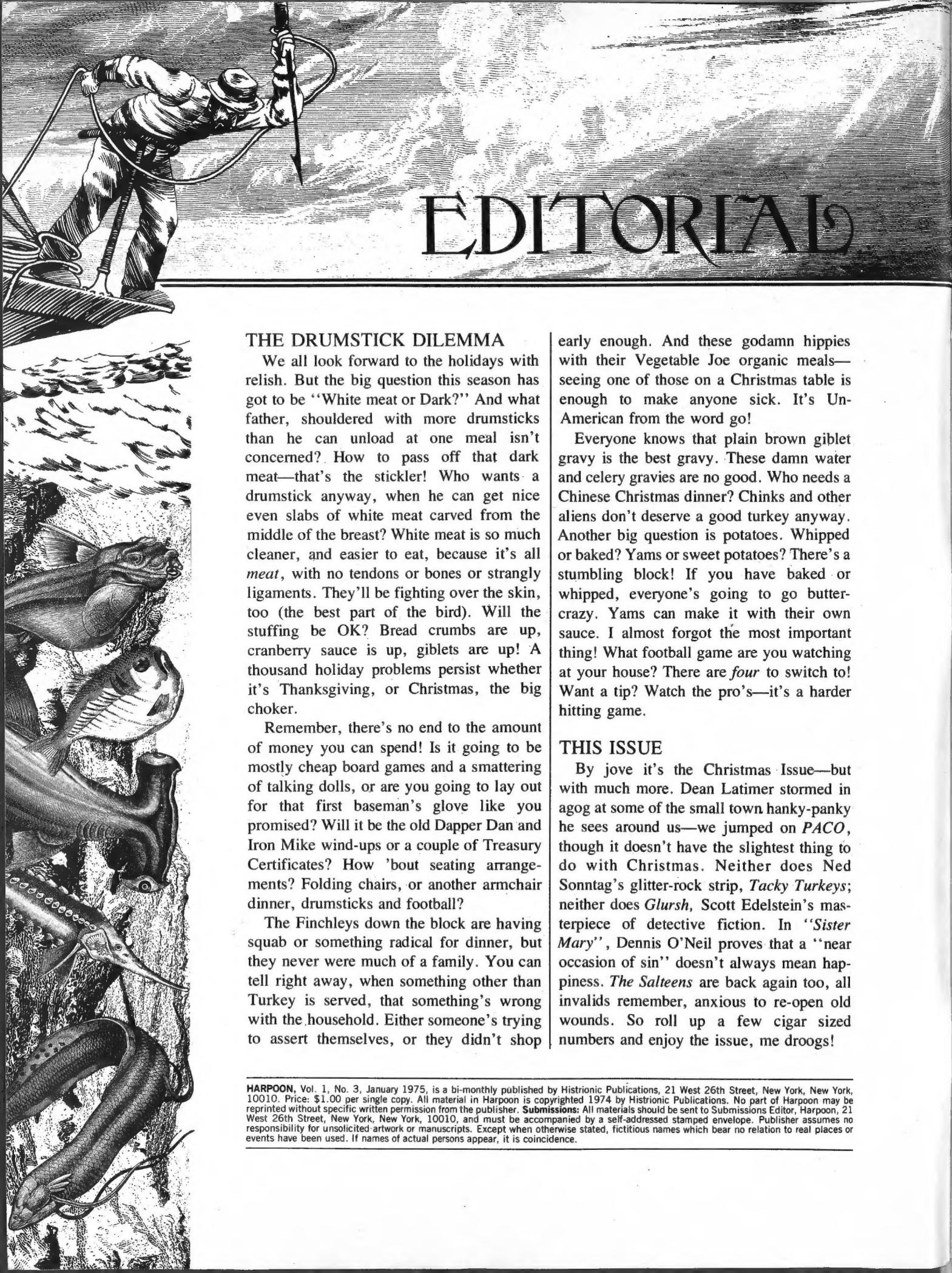
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# EDITORIAL

## THE DRUMSTICK DILEMMA

We all look forward to the holidays with relish. But the big question this season has got to be "White meat or Dark?" And what father, shouldered with more drumsticks than he can unload at one meal isn't concerned? How to pass off that dark meat—that's the stickler! Who wants a drumstick anyway, when he can get nice even slabs of white meat carved from the middle of the breast? White meat is so much cleaner, and easier to eat, because it's all *meat*, with no tendons or bones or strangely ligaments. They'll be fighting over the skin, too (the best part of the bird). Will the stuffing be OK? Bread crumbs are up, cranberry sauce is up, giblets are up! A thousand holiday problems persist whether it's Thanksgiving, or Christmas, the big choker.

Remember, there's no end to the amount of money you can spend! Is it going to be mostly cheap board games and a smattering of talking dolls, or are you going to lay out for that first baseman's glove like you promised? Will it be the old Dapper Dan and Iron Mike wind-ups or a couple of Treasury Certificates? How 'bout seating arrangements? Folding chairs, or another armchair dinner, drumsticks and football?

The Finchleys down the block are having squab or something radical for dinner, but they never were much of a family. You can tell right away, when something other than Turkey is served, that something's wrong with the household. Either someone's trying to assert themselves, or they didn't shop

early enough. And these goddamn hippies with their Vegetable Joe organic meals—seeing one of those on a Christmas table is enough to make anyone sick. It's Un-American from the word go!

Everyone knows that plain brown giblet gravy is the best gravy. These damn water and celery gravies are no good. Who needs a Chinese Christmas dinner? Chinks and other aliens don't deserve a good turkey anyway. Another big question is potatoes. Whipped or baked? Yams or sweet potatoes? There's a stumbling block! If you have baked or whipped, everyone's going to go butter-crazy. Yams can make it with their own sauce. I almost forgot the most important thing! What football game are you watching at your house? There are *four* to switch to! Want a tip? Watch the pro's—it's a harder hitting game.

## THIS ISSUE

By jove it's the Christmas Issue—but with much more. Dean Latimer stormed in agog at some of the small town hanky-panky he sees around us—we jumped on *PACO*, though it doesn't have the slightest thing to do with Christmas. Neither does Ned Sonntag's glitter-rock strip, *Tacky Turkeys*; neither does *Glursh*, Scott Edelstein's masterpiece of detective fiction. In "Sister Mary", Dennis O'Neil proves that a "near occasion of sin" doesn't always mean happiness. *The Salteens* are back again too, all invalids remember, anxious to re-open old wounds. So roll up a few cigar sized numbers and enjoy the issue, me droogs!



# LETTERS

Dear Harpoon,

The misrepresentation and ridicule you practised in your last issue, the Fish Issue, only shows your ignorance of the fact that oceans cover nine tenths of the globe. At a time when our seas are threatened by pollution and many species nearly extinct, it is difficult to accept your "couldn't care less" attitude. Your small regard for the creatures of the sea says little for your background. Someday we will all have to survive on food grown at sea. Maybe when things reach these dire proportions, you won't be laughing so easily.

Winsor Whittakers Wilson  
Chairman,  
Scripps Oceanographic  
Research Group

Dear Harpoon,

I get kinda hot in my pants when I read your magazine. My boyfriend comes over to see me though, and starts reading Harpoon. I think he comes over just 'cause of that. What can I do? I'm hot in my pants.

Susie  
Williams, North Dakota  
Continue buying Harpoon, first. Continue to be hot in your pants. Your boyfriend will come around, eventually.

Dear Editorial Staff,

I am a licensed podiatrist, 60, and frankly fed up with your opinions and damnable attitudes. It's like listening to backtalk, but the reader cannot slap back. There are enough hooligans around these days, but you've proved we need more. You're a scurulous contemptable outlet whose only purpose is badgering a volitale country.

Dr. Anderson Beats  
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Harpoon,

I can't think of one redeeming characteristic of your publication, or one blanket rationalization. Don't you

really deep down believe in eliminating forever this crass element in our society that you seem to be ringleading, or are you convinced you can fool everyone? Either you are trying to prove that you have no demeanor nor upbringing, or you are just "plumb loco". I can't condemn any ingratiating action on the part of any meaningful person, or allude to grandeurs I can't express, nor can I condone your work. Neither I nor you, had the chance been ours, and should we have taken it, could have either rationalized your position or justified your cause, really.

Debbie

University of Wisconsin  
Philosophy Society  
Madison, Wisconsin

Dear Harpoon,

I am a timbales salesman in Iowa, but write humor in my spare time and I was wondering whether you are excepting manuscripts because I write quite a few humorous manuscripts here in Iowa where I am a part-time timbales salesman and you know just the other day my friend bill who runs the store around here was telling me that instead of wasting all my time selling timbales I should go ahead and try writing some more of my humor manuscripts and send them to you if you are interested in either them, my humor manuscripts that is, or have any need of any timbales or anything.

(name withheld by request  
from the surgeon general)

Dear Harpoon,

Hey man, your magazine is really great. I was cruising on Van Nuys Blvd. last Friday night and my chevy got over heated—it's really nice now I got the primer on, man, and man, I got the really good kinda front end now, you know man, and it's really low, and everything, and then I picked up my fren willy. We stopped at the bar there

for a while, man, and this liberation chiquita came over to us, and willy farted on her man. Too much eh? Willy was really a gas, man! Get it man? Could you print this story in your magazine, man?

Pablo  
Van Nuys, California.  
Sure.

Dear Editors,

I don't know whether you think you're being smart or whether your upbringing was an incorrect one. I am the mother of six, and a copy of your magazine was found by my husband in our son's room. I didn't get mad. My boys are all 4-H clubbers and good ballplayers. Bill, Tom, Hal, Dave, George and Lester. I sat them down and explained very carefully that they weren't the kind of boys who would read this type book. They're a cut above, I told them. And you know, they listened. They left for the game assuring me they'd promise to leave your book alone.

Sincerely,  
Mrs. Thomas Macon,  
Small Town, U.S.A.

Thank you for pointing out to your sons the scurulous tomfoolery we subsist on.

Dear Harpoon—

Just thought we'd write to say your magazine is really an up and really fucking funny. This is a small town here, and me and my five brothers really got respectably stoned the other night and checked your pub. out. Not bad, and keep up the good work!

Bill, Tom, Hal, David,  
George and Lester Macon,  
Silverton, Delaware

98757

PS: Your magazine is hard to get around here, but we know the guy at the dirty books store here in town, and he's got it.



# HARPING ON THE NEWS

Vol. 1 No. 3

WE FIT THE NEWS TO PRINT

10 CENTS

## HUMOR SHORTAGE SPARKS NEW MAGAZINE

Late last year a conference was held in a quiet office in downtown Manhattan at publisher A. B. Gomez's request. The Editorial board of the Gomez Publishing Empire plus two coffee and danish delivery boys were present. Behind sealed doors, history was being made, for at that very meeting, a plan so bizarre, yet so insane was first framed. Citing the severe lack of notable humor magazines on the American newsstand these last few years, AB Gomez said: "Give America what they want, and they'll be getting what they deserve!" Loud applause followed each mythic phrase from this infamous magnate. "Start them on candy, then work up to the hard stuff. Christmas with Hitler!—that's the kind of story I want! We've got to shock the public to their senses!" "We're out of paperclips!"—a secretary rushed into the office.

"Shoot that woman," he said, and went on.



Gomez Publishing House

"If you've lost something, look in the place it is most likely to be," and "Never Look a gift Horse in the mouth" followed among bursts of cheer from all. A hasty call, made on the Gomez Actionline, to an old friend they'd never met, Whips & Spurs Skirtski, to come up from a virtually unknown social reform magazine and take over the helm at the Art Director's desk. Gomez' son, an ailing earthquake victim with multiple lacerations of the face and hands, agreed to pigeon hole copy and turn the other cheek to negative vibes.

Interest in the new magazine, now in its fourth issue, was so heavy that police control was needed for a while outside the Gomez Publishing House. The Publisher himself beat down two hoodlums with his cane who blocked his path. "I'm going to lunch!" he belled at the two men who said they had jokes. "Come back later" he added.

Riot dogs were used and shotguns to control the crowds of unsolicited contributors who hailed the new magazine's birth as "A real lowpoint in a downward trend" and "revolting". Two local garment district workers were arrested after trying to molest a female illustrator waiting to show her portfolio at Harpoon offices. "Hey, Chiquita, wanna dance?" she said they shouted at her.

Now in its fourth issue, the theme of which is Farting, Harpoon is rocketing to national success. Never has there been such a rush to the newsstands, not even for *Beaver*, the ill-fated girlie mag of a year ago. The staff at Harpoon would fill pages—an army of humor laden pigs was assembled overnight for the task of eking a laugh out of an unsuspecting public. The first issue featured "Balls for Women", an in-depth article on optional surgery, but featured shoes as a surprise theme. The second issue, disguised as the Fish Issue, was really a fish/death issue, with schizophrenic overtones. The staff is approaching the farting issue with high exportations. "It is entirely human to retain what is cast off from the human body. By reading the farting issue, people will be able to psychologically retain their farts,"—this is the modus operandi of editor, D. Gomez.

Harpoon, a hallmark publication, remains unchallenged on the newsstand today, and seems bound for even more success. "It's the American Way" says the staff.



## AGNEW FRAMED

(WASHINGTON)—It has been learned that former Vice-President Spiro Agnew was, in the words of one source, "framed" with the tax charges which led to his removal from office. Confidential sources close to the former Vice-President say former President Nixon's staff, seeking ways to gain time to further the Watergate cover-up, decided Mr. Agnew would be an ideal candidate to "take the heat."

Agnew was called to Camp David for a conference on the matter, and when he refused, was confined to the wine-cellar under guard. An independent branch of the defunct plumber's unit, the electricians, was then called upon to break in at Internal Revenue Service headquarters where falsified tax returns were placed in Agnew's file. The "improp-

er" returns were then brought to the attention of I.R.S. officials through carefully controlled "leaks". At Agnew's hearing, an impostor, now living in Switzerland with a bank account reputedly totaling millions, then appeared in Agnew's stead and entered the "nolo contendre" plea. Agnew has refused to discuss the matter, terming it "more garbage," but other highly placed sources say the former Veep was promised assistance in writing his book (a spelling coach) and is receiving \$50,000 every six months to offset expenses. Sources close to the former administration say Agnew was "hopping mad" when he learned he'd resigned, but calmed himself when confronted with evidence about a party in a New York massage parlor.

## WESTMORELAND LIKES THEM LONG AND HARD



Locating the long and hard

General Westmoreland, ex-commander of the armies in Vietnam, likes them good and hard, all kinds. "I like carrots," says the general, "and I don't like them soggy, either!". Sometimes he mixes them with the raw fish heads his wife, Inge, puts into her famous welfare baby casserole.

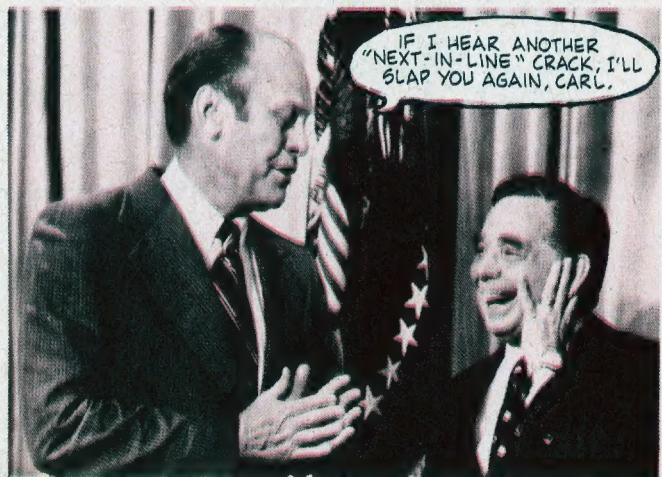
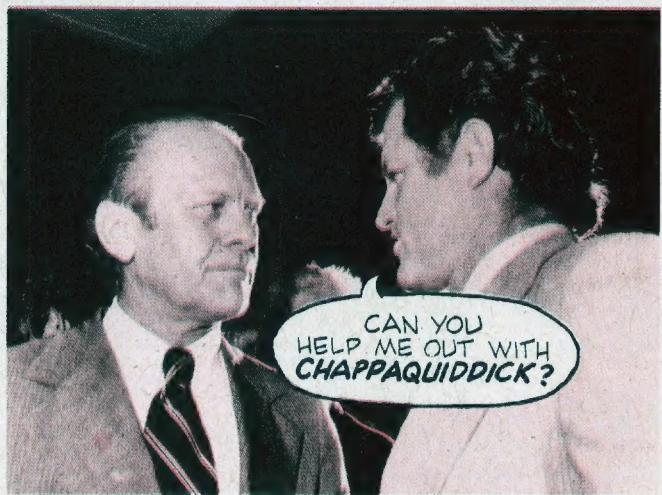
"Inge gets up early in the morning to stalk the big ones" says the general. "You know, a good carrot weighs at least 3 oz. more if you pick it in the morning . . . the planet Pluto exerts a very strong influence on carrots, and Mars waning with Pluto ascending which usually occurs at 6:15 am, is perfect carrot picking time."

The general is proudly working on a book: *THE CARROTT: Cosmic Gateway to Your Yin Consciousness and Fewer Heart Attacks.*" "Folks think of

military people as hard," said the general, cleaning his nails with the edge of a Tarot card, "but hell, there were plenty of times, sitting there in the trenches, taking a little breather with a frozen Carrot Bougelleis on a stick, when I would read Heidigger as the 122's came slamming into the commissary and peppered the latrines, and think: You are all a part of the Divine Frambo, a micro-cosmic arm of the all knowing Dreeboyxtl, even you little slope headed geeks . . ."

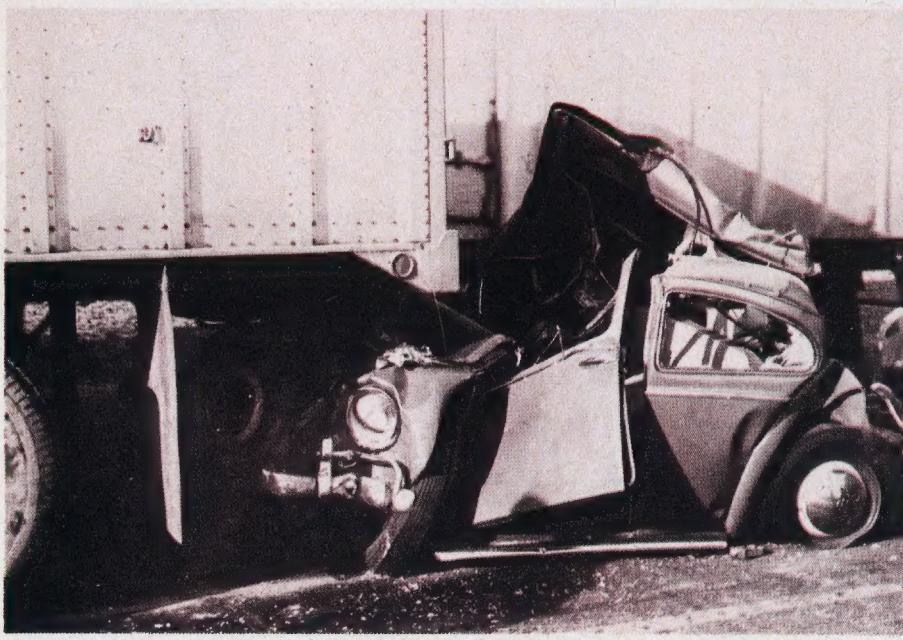
With that, the general took up his rifle and began cleaning it with a stalk of carrot greens. His eyes narrowed and he leaned forward: "You know what's good on carrots . . . REALLY brings out the flavor???"

"Bat balls," he said. "Diced of course, and smothered in Hollandaise sauce."





# HARPOON IN-DEPTH REPORT . . .



*Truckers " . . . take a dim view of faggots and others who buckle under pressure . . . "*

*Recent reports of rapes and beatings at truck stops around the country—tied, it is believed, to fuel price hikes and innocent goofing on the part of truckers—led Harpoon to ask just what goes on in those sanctum sanctorums of the open road. As you know, only truckers can use truck stop facilities: the general public is kept away.*

*Harpoon hired Bill "Diesel Breath" Williams, a 5' 3", 268 lb. retired truck driver now selling motor homes to escort us through some of the major truck stops in the South, where reports of general hooliganism and felony crime have been most severe. (At one stop, near Bag o' Farts, Alabama, truckers recently ran down 28 pedestrians in two weeks to set an American record for this crime.)*

*Diesel took us behind the scenes at 22 different truck stops in Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas. With his help we were able to put together this guide and offer it to all of you who wonder what's going on there with those tobacco-chewing gun-toting, gear jammers who deliver the goods to our neighborhood stores.*

First, let's introduce some drivers. Luke "Mighty Pissed" Wilson has been driving for Skank Bros. Trucking of Bugs, Kentucky, for 28 years. He holds a trucker's record for having once driven 51 days straight without a rest to

publicize the staying power of a recently released drug, Roadmasters. The 16 people killed while Luke was working on this project were not deliberately killed, he says, and he can't say he's sorry. "I had a job to do. The knowledge gained was for *all* people, not for just 16, some of whom were too young to drive anyway."

Lou Beans, who likes rape, and worm burgers w/fries and double shakes at every meal, is well known to people outside the trucking industry as the man who organized the first shitout, a 26-hour marathon defecation debacle at Lizard, Mississippi, in which the Pork Brothers Truck Stop was buried in human manure to a depth of 11 feet. Beans got over 300 truckers and their wives together for the event and, with the wives doing the cooking to keep the boys fueled, they successfully staged a protest against the stale pies then being served at the Pork Brothers stop. It set a national precedent and Beans has, of course, since gone on to work for the Union Publicity Office.

Sam "Three-speed" Bumps, who is legally blind, has been on the road for 18 years and never lost a load. Known to truckers as a mean sonofabitch for his habit of stealing trailers, cutting down trucks on the road with bazooka fire, and dynamiting other driver's tractors in an effort to outshine them (he always delivers *his* load in good condi-

tion), Sam is nevertheless warmly regarded as one of the boys. In fact, while we were at the Fuck-a-Squirrel truck stop in eastern Texas, some of the boys cut Sam's nuts off and stuffed them down his craw. He laughed it off, showing he could take a joke as well as any guy. Truckers, of course, take a dim view of faggots and others who buckle under pressure.

One of the first things Diesel pointed out to us was that there was nothing truer than that old adage about truckers wanting to help the average motorist out there on the road. At Punchawoman, Arkansas, we asked a random sample of drivers about road tips.

Billy "Road Hook" Stevens says, "Many truckers are out to get you, no doubt about it. If you have a shotgun, don't be afraid to use it. Try to hit the trucker's radiator. The scalding steam bath may not slow him down but he'll think twice before closing in on you again and he may even leave you alone. Truckers like guns, and they respect them when used properly."

Dick "The Fist" Measels told us, "I've corked maybe 40 hitchhikers in the past two years and I don't mind telling you I get a kick out of it. I've seen 'em fly 800 feet or more and wrap around a road stanchion, or tench out a borrow pit with their heads for a couple hundred yards. I've hit so many over the years I've had the lower right corner of my Roadeater 2000 reinforced with steel plate to take the continual beating. Now I consider hitchhikers fair game—let's face it, without stuff like this, driving a truck would be a fucking bore—but I like a little sport to it too! Sometimes I'll give 'em the horn just before I hit 'em or something. If it's advice you want, I'm glad to give it, and I'll tell you this: try and fake me out. That's the key. Jump out in front of me. If you're fast enough I might miss you. Throw rocks at my windshield. I have a natural tendency to duck and I might be thrown off target. I had a guy once dove between my wheels, had to jackknife the trailer and lay the sonofabitch down on its side to cease that longhaired pimp."

Ernie Hebbe expressed a desire to warn small car owners of his hangup so they could steer clear. He likes to pop cars out against concrete abutments. "I've squeezed 60 or 70 of 'em out against a wall just like pimples. Tunneis is a good place to do it 'cause they

# Truckers: Fact or Fiction?

can't get away. That's my motto. You can't get away. Don't fuck with a truck. That's what I say. I don't care to give advice to no pissant car drivers. I'll wipe you right out if you come around, so you best stay away if you know what side your butter is breaded on, by god. Don't forget, truckers deliver the nation's produce."

While these drivers gave us new insights into their profession, we were also interested in what exactly went on around the truck stops where they gathered. For example, we had seen truckers walking around their rigs thumping their tires with a tire iron. Diesel explained that this was an attempt to kill rubber fleas and other truck stop vermin that get up on the tires and threaten a trucker's load. When we asked what a bunch of drivers standing next to one man's cab might be talking about, he replied that they were no doubt comparing loads, there being some loads that were more important to carry than others. These prestige loads—steel, wire, or automobile parts—brought prestige to the trucker and it was usually his cab where the other drivers congregated. Walking, of course, is looked on with disdain by truckers and it is a disgrace to have to always be walking over to someone else's tractor because you can never score the good loads.

When we asked about truckers' humor, Diesel beamed and told us a couple of trucker jokes, which we repeat here verbatim.

He: What's going on?

She: I don't know.

He: Up yours.



*"Truckers like guns, and respect them when used properly."*

He: What's stinky like  
poo-poo?

She: I don't know.

He: You

Diesel said that aside from the humor in these jokes, there is revealed one of the underlying sentiments of the truckers' way of life—that women are not as smart as men.

Conversations we had with truck drivers revealed many fascinating things about the business that the average man on the road might be surprised to learn. One of the most memorable revelations to me was my being told that trucks don't go slowly up long hills because of their heavy loads but because truckers are afraid of falling off.

Before completing our tour of truck stops we got Diesel to agree to take us inside one so we could see with our own eyes what was there.

The stop Diesel chose was in Thumb-in-your-Butt, Louisiana. Think we saw a lot of boozing, weirdo games and pornographic activities? Not so. Oh, sure, there were pinball machines and condom dispensers in the men's room, but this isn't where it's at for top flight truckers. Inside this truck stop—and Diesel told us it was the same elsewhere—was a trucker's chapel with an enormous statue of Our Savior of The Roads, a gymnasium, and banks of teach-o-matic educational devices. It is the trucker's belief, said Diesel, that good shoes, a clean windshield and a sharp eye are a man's best weapons for the perilous journey through life.

You can imagine, then, how moved we were to encounter these words prominently displayed over the drug counter at this truck stop.



*A shipment of hash oil, finds its way across America.*

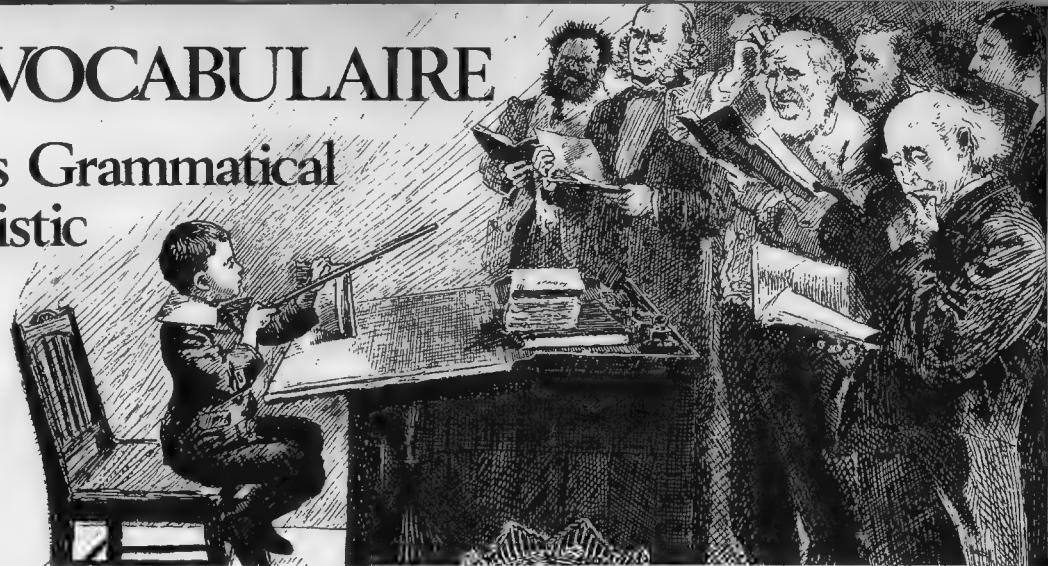
## Five Rules of the Professional Driver

1. Aim high.
2. Get the Big Picture
3. Keep your eyes moving
4. Always leave yourself an out
5. Make sure the other fellow sees you.

After a hearty meal of raw kangaroo and newspapers, Diesel left us speechless (continued on page 50)

# FAIRE VOCABULAIRE

## Harpoon's Grammatical and Linguistic Pop Quiz



This quiz is the most emphatic, didactic in-depth ploy game test yet devised by our staff. It is normally used to screen editors, but we thought our readers might like to test themselves. One tests one's own knowledge of linguistic history and grammatical use against a panel of fools assembled here.

If you *don't* pass, you are one of these:

|              |                     |
|--------------|---------------------|
| a boor       | ringleader          |
| a bum        | a knave             |
| nin-cum-poop | spurious malcontent |
| drudge       | stoolie             |
| dolt         | illiterate          |
| felon        | graduate            |
| sissy        | laborer             |

If you *do* pass, you are one of these:

|             |             |
|-------------|-------------|
| proud       | flatulent   |
| disciplined | reckless    |
| courageous  | scurulous   |
| virile      | bullshitter |
| bothersome  | windbag     |
| boring      | egghead     |

... see where *you* stand!

### Part I

#### Multiple Guess & Short Answer

- 1.) When the first male to utter a sound uttered that sound to his mate, what sound did he utter?  
a) "muft" b) "sump" c) "cuft" d) "beaver"
- 2.) What did the female reply?  
a) "Wahlong" b) "Schlong" c) "Bong"
- 3.) What was the first word for campfire?  
a) Conned b) Con-Ed c) briquette d) condom
- 4.) What was the first word for food?  
a) fritters b) T-bone c) grub d) whopper
- 5.) What was the first popular sentence structure?  
a) nouns b) the imperative with an adjectival clause  
c) diphthongs with slurred vowel sounding words  
d) interrogative, as in "What's Happening?"
- 6.) Who first used a reflexive adjective in a two-part sentence in the interrogative? Why?
- 7.) Who invented the dangling participle?  
a) the disciples b) Aesop c) Chinese midgets  
d) Palenthropicus
- 8.) When did the first *legal* use of the subjunctive occur, and who uttered it?
- 9.) What was the first word for "duck"?
- 10.) Parse the following two sentences, indicating the various parts of speech and how they are used:

- a) "He had already begun to be beginning to have been had."
- b) "Having succumbed to the drugs wherewith she had already alleviated her passions and satisfied those of Cleo the nursemaid, she was transmogrified by the steamfitters coming to do it, having already begun to be beginning to come."

### Part II

#### Essay Questions (1000 words each will do)

- 1.) Name all the words that rhyme with "orange" and give the roots of each, and identify them in the Euro-Family of words.
- 2.) Name the fifteen proper uses of the past participle in Latin, and the thirteen places it is most often misused, and give examples of each.
- 3.) We know the subjunctive was first used by the African primate, *Zinjanthropicus* in 60,000 bc around campfires and during rituals and festive rites, but who assigned the dream-wish-desire theme to this tense, and why did he do it? Explain fully.
- 4.) Bring to a head the argument over the true wordsmiths who invented bullshit, describing the case for each contender; then discuss succinctly the proofs, and the dying words of each man.
- 5.) Tell at length why a hidden participle can be as dangerous as a dangling pronoun; as you compare the pitfalls of each, name also the linguistics scholar who gave his life for the hidden participle.
- 6.) Discuss the use of the adverb-pronoun relationship, as in "he, gingerly thrusting away . . ." or, ". . . she, nocturnally in heat . . .". Discuss also the invention of this usage by mongoloids in Hawaii long before civilization began.
- 7.) Tell what a fister is, how it is formed, and what languages commonly use it. Also discuss what grammatical experts have discovered about "hussy-ups" and clinger words, especially in some Egyptian dialects, and in the Sudan. Tell why it takes an apocalyptic weather change for these forms to be used.
- 8.) Prove, if you can, that the world is today in tatters directly as a result of poor usage on the part of people everywhere.

#### Extra Credit:

- 1.) How is this test scored?
- 2.) Where are the correct answers?

# Super TEE SHIRTS

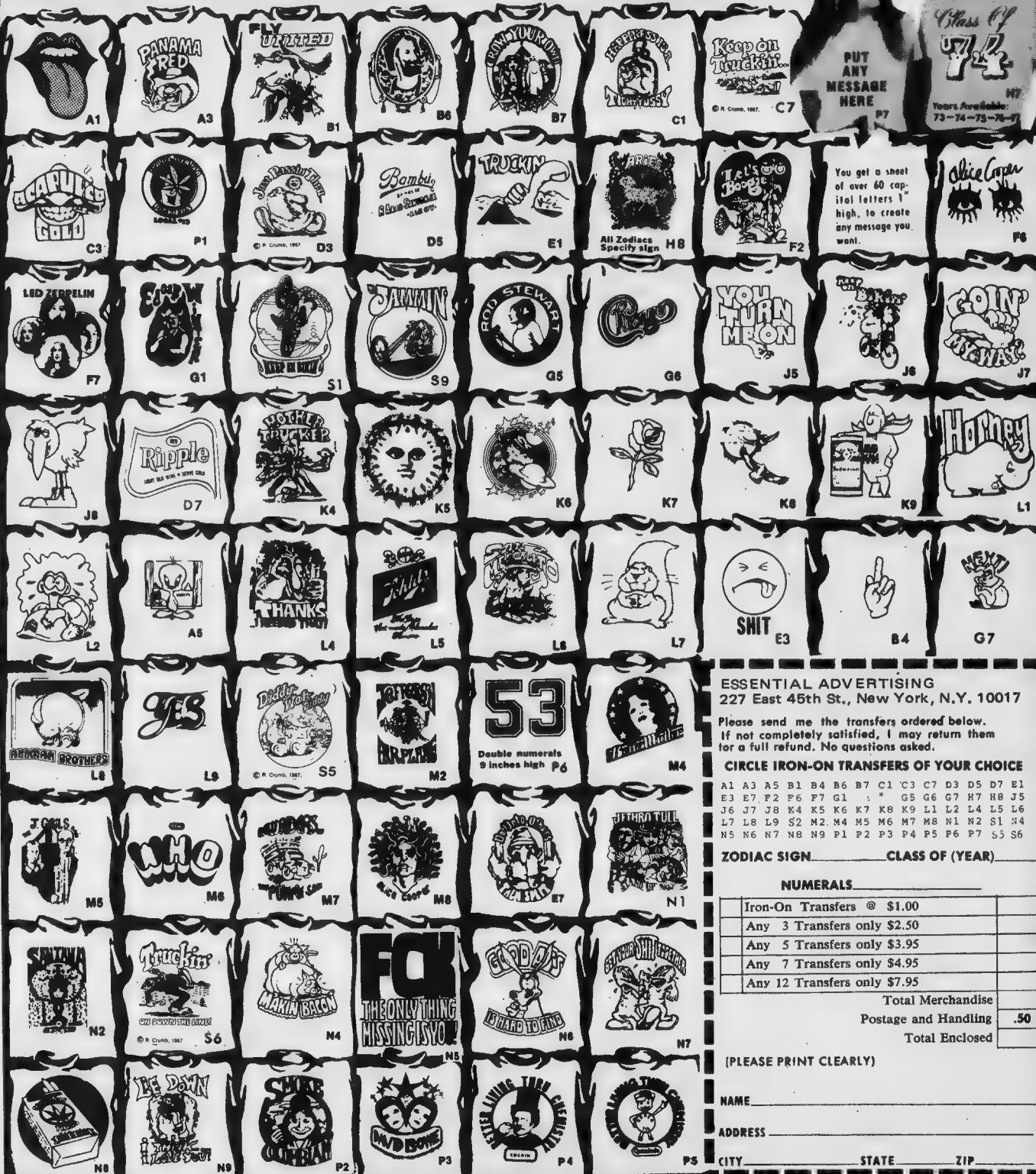
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J6 J7 J8 K4 K5 K6 K7 K8 K9 L1 L2 L4 L5 L6  
L7 L8 L9 S2 M2 M4 M5 M6 M7 M8 N1 N2 S1 N4  
N5 N6 N7 N8 N9 P1 P2 P3 P4 P5 P6 P7 S5 S6

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# Best Holiday Humbugs

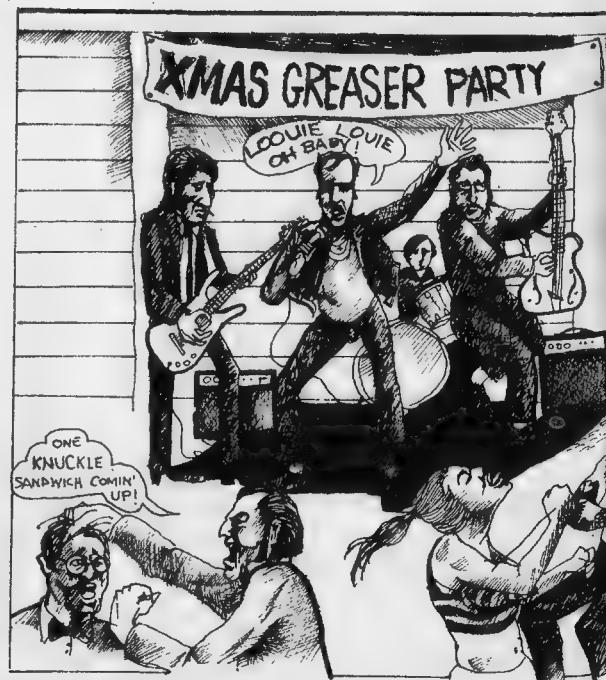
In a crowded elevator, read out the items on each floor in a loud kinky voice. Push buttons for every floor, and ride until all customers have abandoned the elevator. It won't take long.



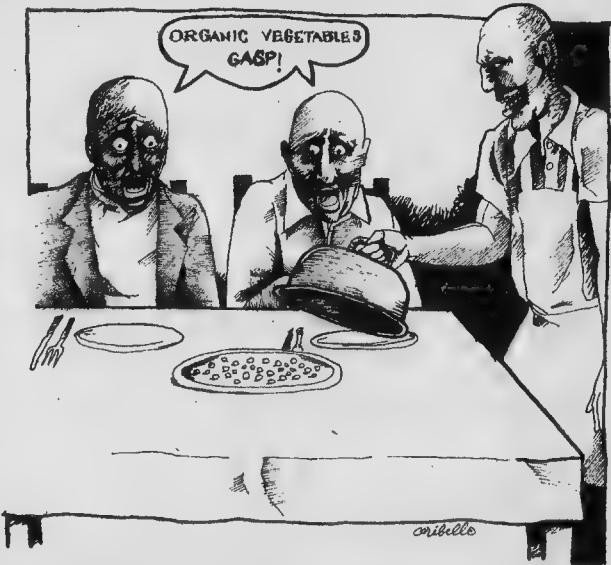
Decorate your outdoor Christmas tree with girlie balloons and other unusual items. Leave decorations up until April.



Call out in church for your favorite Christmas yarn. The pastor will not be impressed.



After you've delayed Christmas dinner until everyone's starving, surprise your guests with an organic meal. Watch meat eaters balk at the scant faire, and head for the nearest diner.

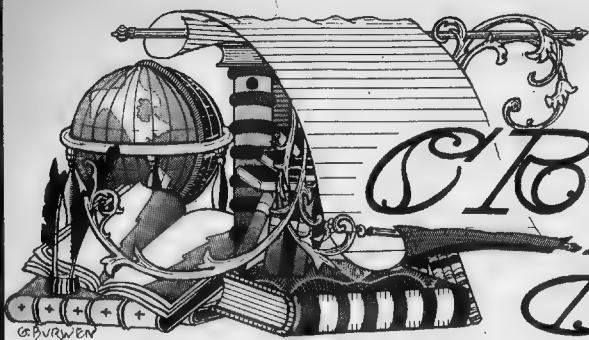


Pick an attractive sales girl at the department store perfume counter and engage her in conversation about your girlfriend. A well-timed nose picking will make her sorry she ever waited on you.

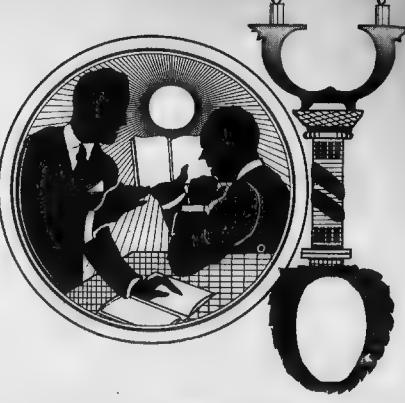


You'll find neighbors easily annoyed with your Christmas Eve greaser party. Invite a fifties band over, plenty of friends, and stoke with eight cases of cheap beer. The cans are good for throwing later on. When police arrive, tell them you're just "having a good time".





# BOOKED BOOKS



Edited by  
G. Ross



## THE GULAG ARMADILLO

By Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn  
(Translated by Wayne Newton)  
Patriot books, \$6.95 NYC

The most acclaimed book of the year, this powerful condemnation of the world of Soviet prisons is a must for any serious student of world history.

Solzhenitsyn, who was exiled from his native Russia earlier this year after leaking excerpts of this book to the West, writes with deep emotion of his years spent in a Siberian prison camp. The account of Soviet barbarism and mistreatment is a damning one and its eloquence speaks for itself:

"I shall never forget the many brutal days spent in my cramped four-room detention suite," Solzhenitsyn writes early in this well-documented account. "On a typical day I was rudely awakened at the ungodly hour of 10 a.m. by the blaring notes of a Tchaikovsky concerto on my clock radio.

"I would hardly have time to look about my bedroom (viewing with distaste the gauche ultra-modern furniture clashing horribly with the ornate Baroque chandeliers) when a Neanderthal-type guard would enter my chambers without the courtesy of a knock and set down my breakfast tray without so much as a 'good morning.'

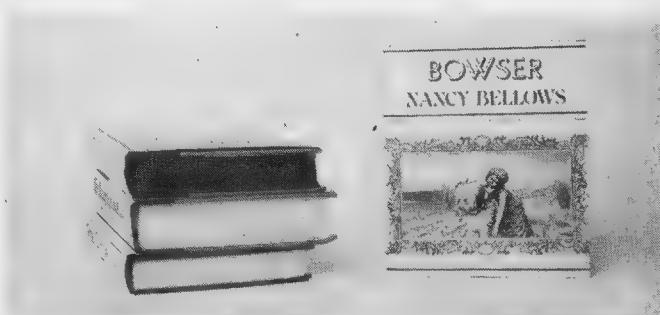
"Invariably, the pancakes were already cold, or else the eggs would need salt, or the toast would be burnt, or the marmalade too sweet, the coffee too dark or the pastry too creamy. And that was just the beginning. . . ."

Solzhenitsyn (what a Scrabble word if it weren't a proper name) goes on to describe in heart-breaking detail the subtle psychological warfare employed by his beastly captors in their attempts to break him down. He writes of the mornings he would discover that the shoes he had left outside his door the night before had been shined with brown rather than black polish; of the times he was refused entrance to the tennis courts because his doubles partner was late; of discovering that all No. 2 pencils had been removed from his writing

desk; of being sent tantalizingly lovely French prostitutes each evening to satisfy his sexual desires but never a Russian-speaking beauty for him to read his poetry to.

The details of the inhuman treatment go on and on. Suffice it to say that the world can be proud of the stoicism, fortitude, courage and bravery of a heroic figure like Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn. The author's recent statement that he plans to return to "the good life in Siberia" after living in several Western countries sadly underscores the fact that the years of servitude in Siberia must have taken their toll on his mental abilities.

We tip our cossack-hats to you, Al.



**BOWSER**  
Nancy Bellows  
Risk Books N.Y. \$4.95

A true story for everyone unmoved by the thought of an physically disabled child, and the healing effects of a similarly disabled puppy named Bowser. Little Ronnie Tearson has no legs, but neither does Bowser. Together they drag themselves around a hamlet in Wisconsin, convinced they are on a "secret mission". A little doggie with a job to do—that's what makes "Bowser" run.

Miss Bellows' Zen allegiances set the tone of the novel, but she never lets the plot get in the way. A thorough hashing through of Zen as it is practiced in Wisconsin sets a mystic mood of seedy doubt, and fits well with the assurance that Bowser will never walk. The prose will rip at your heartstrings and leave you hypnotised. Bellows wisely minces no words in underpinning the action, which takes place mostly around an old gas station, with deep analyses of the pumps and Bowser's ticks. The story gets spicy when the boy and the dog are discovered sleeping together in an abandoned loft downtown. In the end, Ronnie and the dog, having just found the clue to the murder of Will Right, a town bum, are run over by a speeding automobile as they struggle across the dusty street, heading for the Sheriff's tiny office. A serious book, and a must for your Christmas children's gift list.

# BEST SELLER LIST

## This Week

## Weeks on List

**1 BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS**, by Kurt Vonnegut (Putnam, \$7.95) Though tops on numerous best-seller lists for many months, this book proved a disappointment because pop novelist Vonnegut herein contents himself with summarizing the ingredients of Wheaties. Best chapter: a hilarious account of Riboflavin (B2), Thiamine (B1) and iron phosphate. 22

**2 HITLER**, by Joachim Fest (Pantheon, \$10) A new, richly documented and often moving tribute to the acknowledged Shmuck of the Century, who emerges as a man of compassion ("Just rape that baby once, Hermann") and even wit (Well, we bombed in London—ho, ho"). Look no further for a tasteful Bar-Mitzvah gift. 9

**3 EXERCISE YOUR PLANT**, by Susan Scales (Knopf, \$4.95) Plants, as we've recently come to learn, not only talk and breathe but are in great need of physical exercise. Here is a step-by-step guide to bicycling, mountain climbing and jogging for your philodendrons. 12

**4 TYPE A: BEHAVIOR AND YOUR HEART**, by Dr. Ralph Berman (Random, \$9.95) Do your palms ever sweat? Has your foot ever "fallen asleep?" Do you ever feel dizzy after rising quickly? If you have experienced one or more of these fateful signs, it may be too late for you, according to Dr. Berman. But don't lose heart (heh, heh)—you may still have enough time to go out and buy this book for a loved one. 5

**5 THE DISNEY BLUE FILMS**, Edited by J. Pomrenze (Harper & Row, \$10) This classic underground work captures Walt Disney's most perverted and never-released feature-length cartoons in a sumptuous pictorial volume. Among the 200 lavish color illustrations: Snow White and The Orgy of the Seven Dwarfs; Mary Poppins Gratifying Herself with Her Magic Broom; Mickey and Minnie Mouse Consummating Their Marriage; and Jiminy Cricket Seducing Dumbo the Elephant. 10

**6 THE FAN CLUB**, by Irving Wallace (Harcourt, \$5.95) One-hundred-and-twenty-eight elderly men, all members of the Kiwanis Club Golden Agers of South Bend, Indiana, successfully carry out their plot to kidnap a Hollywood sex goddess only to all die of heart failure during an attempted gang-bang. 14

**7 THE MEMORY BOOK**, by Harry Lorayne and Jerry Lucas (Putnam, \$7.95) The ingenious exercises for improving one's memory detailed in this book proved quite helpful, especially such tips as, uh . . . uh . . . Did you say something? 32

**8 YOU CAN PROFIT FROM A MONETARY CRISIS**, by Harry Brown (Knopf, \$15.95) Mr. Brown has. This slim volume, selling at \$15.95, tells the reader that the best time to buy out General Motors is in the summer; that a can of low-calorie soda is less expensive than a 12-piece set of Corningware; and that the American Stock Exchange is closed on Labor Day. P.S. Mr. Brown is offering a 10 per cent discount to any reader wishing to buy the Brooklyn Bridge. 8

## STARSHIP PLUMBER

By Ricardo Ringworm  
Doublepay 225 pgs. \$1.95

From the master of contemporary science fiction comes another blockbuster, this time an overpowering tale of revenge written in the same awesome style as Ringworm's "They Came on the Subway", and, "The Vegetable Fleet."

A race of alien beings lands in Akron, Ohio, and threatens to kill us if we do not put *Supermarket Sweep* back on television and let their leader play. Terrified, the government capitulates and orders all three major networks to air the show simultaneously, and arranges a world-wide broadcast of the show via satellite. At the request of the aliens, the show's sponsor is the Playtex Eighteen-Hour girdle.

The aliens are large, glutinous creatures closely resembling hundred pound drollops of Whip 'n Chill. Their leader, Krank, has two opponents: Mrs. George Bunker of Cincinnati, and Mrs. Joeseph P. Proctor, of Minneapolis. Both women are instructed to allow Krank to win.

When the game begins, both housewives rush to the bulkiest, most expensive items in the store and begin filling their carts. Krank rushes to the meat counter to grab a dozen filet mignons. Ringworm describes each sweaty grab, each luscious filet with almost psychedelic candor and verve. Unfortunately, Krank has never used a supermarket cart, and the one he uses has a broken wheel. He crashes into a huge display of canned soup and is severely injured. Krank is humiliated before several hundred thousand earthmen. In the final chapter, he and his cohorts eat us all.

This unforgettable piece will appear later in "Best Estonian Science Fiction" which Ringworm is now editing and has already sold to Doublepay. Dead serious about his work, the author paints well the mystery of alien emotion.

"Starship Plumber" isn't a book critics will be able to coddle lightly and then discard. The plot is so feasible, the dialogue so convincing, this work will bring any reader to his celestial senses and send him caterwauling into a void of doubt about his own safety.



## RATTLER SAVY

By Burdett Spokes  
Oakland Publishing, New York. 145 pp, illustrated. \$7.95

This is one of the most intriguing nature books to come down the pike in many a year. Spokes outdoes his earlier works, notably *Mamba Hits* and *Cobra Jokes*, with two years of interviews in the field among rattlesnakes, ferreting out, among other things, the rattler's elusive sense of humor. The book is built around a series of meetings arranged by hillbillies (who, Spokes says, are the only people who actually get rattler jokes) in which Spokes and various rattlers join for rabbit fries and "stare-outs." (The record, held by a nine-year-old Western Diamondback, is 46 days of motionless concentration.)

What Spokes discovered in these talks will no doubt come as a surprise to herpetologists and naturalists as well. Rattlers, one learns, are amazingly reticent creatures; speaking only a few words in answer to a question and then looking the other way for an hour or so before turning back to answer another.

# EXISTENTIAL FOLLIES

## by Joachim Themal



### FIRST LOVE

I'm riding with Audrey. She has straight auburn hair, but beautiful buttocks. (She has other features, too). The car is an old chevy.

I'm trying to read a book on Mysticism while Audrey is on the wheel. She's a bad driver, but she has beautiful buttocks.

"Is there a correlation between the size of noses and the size of penises?" she asks.

I touch my nose.

"Why do you touch your nose?" says Audrey.

I quickly withdraw my hand from my nose and put it in my lap.

"Now, what're you doing?" she asks.

Audrey is difficult, but she has beautiful buttocks. ■

### RELATIN'

Michael has been staying with me for a month. He is my second cousin's son. He is late for dinner again. I can smell him before I hear him. He says "Hi, Baldy," and sits down.

"Don't they use deodorants in that hick town you come from?" I ask.

"Kathy says deodorants are decadent, and George says they give you rashes," says Michael.

I have no idea who George and Kathy are. When, after dinner, I ask Michael to take out the garbage, an instant expression of Christ crucified comes over him—but of a Christ who plays it cool and pretends he doesn't mind.

Michael plays the guitar and sings. He sees himself as the up-and-coming rockstar. After dinner he sings.

"Gooseberry fields forever . . ." he sings.

"It's a strawberry fields," I say.

"I know," he says, "but I like to write my own material."

He stops singing after a while and sits thinking. Then he says:

"I think I'm depressed or something. Maybe you can help me. After all, you're a psychologist."

"I am a psychiatrist. I usually charge fifty dollars. But to you I shall give free advice." ■

"Well, I don't seem to be able to relate to women."

"You're young," I say. "Nineteen? Why don't you sleep with men?"

"I have. Men are all right. They're straight forward. It's women I can't relate to."

"You're got time," I say. "You can masturbate till you find a woman."

"I've got Susan," says Michael. "We go to her place after Psychology 201, Philosophy 375, and English 102. But I don't relate to her."

I am getting confused. "What do you think relating means," I say.

"I don't know," says Michael. "Everyone talks about relatin', relatin'. It sounds like fun. What does it mean?"

"Michael," I say. "You've lived here for over a month. Do you think you're relating to me?"

"To you? You're an old man!"

"Are you relating to me?"

"I dunno. Am I?"

"Yes, you are," I say.

Michael's horn-rimmed glasses have slipped down his nose. For a while he looks at me over them. Then he shrugs his shoulders.

"Maybe it's overated," he says. ■

### MIDNIGHT SPECIAL

It was midnight when George decided to take the short drive to the graveyard to put flowers (which he had bought previously) on his aunt's grave. George missed his aunt. (He used to have dinner with her every Tuesday). Having no reservation, he had to stand on line for ten minutes before he could get through the gate. The cemetery was badly lit and crowded and George seemed to be unable to locate his aunt's grave. One of the attendants finally assured him that there was no grave with the name of Alice Brown. Not Alice Brown! Only then George remembered that his aunt lived in Miami. That's why he missed her. There was a man standing motionless on one of the graves. He was pretending to be a monument. George handed him the flowers. The man limbered up, took them, but said he would have preferred a dime. He smelled the flowers.

"Dark red carnations always bring back beautiful memories," he said.

"Like what?" said George. But the man didn't answer. He had become a monument again.

Winding his way back to the gate through graves and people, George noticed a small but pretentious private mausoleum. Something was going on inside it. He peeped through the half-open door. There was a man leaning against the sarcophagus. On the sarcophagus was a glass of coke, biscuits, an electric drill, and a tape recorder blaring out what sounded like a speech in a foreign language. George went in.

"My name is George," said George. "May I know what language that is?"

"There ain't no outlet," said the man. "You got any batteries?"

George patted his pockets, shook his head, shrugged his shoulder, spread out his hands in regret, and said "no."

"I got the message," said the man. "But you wouldn't put batteries in your pockets anyway. It makes your buttons drop off."

"Who told you that?"

"You wanna know who told me that?" said the man. "You wanna know everything! Mister, I do not dig your behavior. You gotta lotta chuzpa! Coming into a small but pretentious private mausoleum and asking a lotta questions!" With that, the man grabbed the glass and threw the coke into George's face.

"You made me all wet and sticky!" cried George.

"I did! Ha!" taunted the man. He picked up a biscuit and, holding it in his hand, shook it at George. George saw pieces of biscuit crumble from the man's balled fist.

"You see this? You see this?" yelled the man.

"Yeah, I see that" said George defiantly.

"Don't you know what this means?"

"No, I don't know what this means. What does this mean?" said George.

"Idiota!" murmured the man, shaking his head, as if suddenly he was sorry for George. "It's simple," he said patiently. "That's the way cookies crumble!" ■

# Photo-Novella Contest Winner

## Rooster Rhythm

Doin' the ERT ERT  
PIIGEONNN ...

AAAHHH...  
WOTTA DAY!

AND THERE WAS  
CHICKENS IN THE PASTURE,  
CHICKENS IN THE BARN,  
CHICKENS IN THE CAULIFLOWER,  
CHICKENS IN THE CORN

HUMPIN' ALL THOSE HENS  
IS HARD WORK, BUT  
SOMEBODY'S GOTTA DO IT.  
GOTTA KEEP THOSE EGGS  
FERTILIZED...

HEH HEH HEH

WORKS UP AN APPETITE  
AWRIGHT- SO I SCARF DOWN  
A GULLETFULL OF WORMS,  
CHERRY PITS, SLUGS, GRAVEL  
AND RABBIT DROPPINGS, AND  
LEMME TELL YA, - I FEEL  
GREAT!

BEIN' TOP ROOSTER HAS  
ITS RESPONSIBILITIES AND  
HEARTACHES TOO, YA KNOW.

REMIND ME TO TELL  
YA ABOUT THEM AFTER  
MY SNOOZ  
Z  
Z  
Z  
Z

# Little Known Facts About Christmas

By The Editors Of Harpoon

Books, long the stand-by adult Christmas gift, have been replaced in recent years by, in order of total sales, fast food franchise gift certificates, maroon double knit pants with white vinyl belts (for men), Frank Sinatra posters and souvenirs of Hawaii.



In Palm Springs California, the Yuletide tradition calls for veranda parties with pop-guns and martinis. Residents shout at passing motorists, tell jokes and eat cactus.



In Chile, there is no Christmas. The mere mention of the "foreign" word may mean death at the hands of an unamused governmental agency.



Chuck and Betty Hotdog of Lincoln, Nebraska, have won *Mobile Home* magazine's 1974 Parents of the Year Award for buying their five children \$15,396 worth of toys for Christmas 1973, and supporting that with \$6,971 worth of toys in the off season. Chuck is a janitor, Betty a waitress. They're in hock up to their necks.



Surfers in Queensland, Australia observe the holy day of Christmas by going home for lunch.



Afghani men celebrate Christmas all year round, drinking bhang and smoking opium for occasional refreshment. Decorations are left up.



In New Zealand, natives castrate hogs, offer hundreds of pig testes done up in ribbons and chicken feathers to visitors as sign of common heritage of all men.



Christmas in Bazim, Turkey is a colorful day. The mayor declares a bank holiday and the streets are flooded with baton twirlers and dancers. A parade of local farm equipment is followed by rape, mayhem, and an electric light show by the town fathers. Last year, over thirty were killed during the "running of the sheep" in which 600 lb. overbred sheep are starved, then let run wild in shops and plazas. Religious law protects the animals from harm by the public.



Christmas decorations are a year-round multi-million dollar business headed up in New York City, mostly by Atheists.



A man in Minot, Minn. last year claimed the biggest X-mas house lighting set up in the USA. This year his house exploded when he attempted to suck 550 volts out of a 110 volt socket, to light the massive array. Neighbors were pleased with the results of the blast which killed the man and his family.



Aluminum Christmas trees were invented by the plains Indians, who had no access to fir trees.



Sheriff Bubba Rubbers of Cadillac, Texas, won first prize at Counties of Texas Christmas Pageant last year for his unusual entry in the Christmas is American contest. Sheriff Rubbers, imitating Santa Claus dressed as a Texas Ranger, hopped around in an enormous pecan pie on a pogo stick singing "My Country 'tis of thee" to the tune of "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen" while shooting cardboard cutouts of non-Christians with a .357 magnum revolver loaded with custom bullets shaped like Christmas trees complete with miniature lights. The crowd went wild when Sheriff Rubbers climaxed and spun out in the pecan pie.



Christmas aboard an atomic submarine is not entirely a cheerless affair. A telegram from the President is read, the captain passes out tie clips and the traditional Christmas feast is shot out the torpedo tubes in an act of self-denial.



In Idaho, Christmas is unknown. Even in the major cities few have even heard of the celebration. This is due to the Idaho Time Warp. Different sections of Idaho are located in various eras, the area around Boise being locked in the Age of Reptiles.



In Iceland, Christmas is celebrated at night, and only by consenting adult females.



Christmas tinsel is made from tunafish skin, carefully trimmed then coated with a mixture of titanium and aluminum oxides. Three coats of chrome polish and repeated hand ironing give tinsel its expensive appearance. Cheap Taiwanese labor makes the product, available for pennies, a true Christmas bargain.



In the Ukraine, fortunes are told after the evening meal by pouring melted lead into the palm of the reader.



In Bakersfield, Christmas giving is, instead, Christmas taking. During an eight-hour Christmas Day free-for-all, police stay back as looters and store merchants fight it out over merchandise. Frequent deaths and injuries seem to bother no one, the point being to let bygones be bygones as the day comes to a close, to go home with what you have and be thankful.

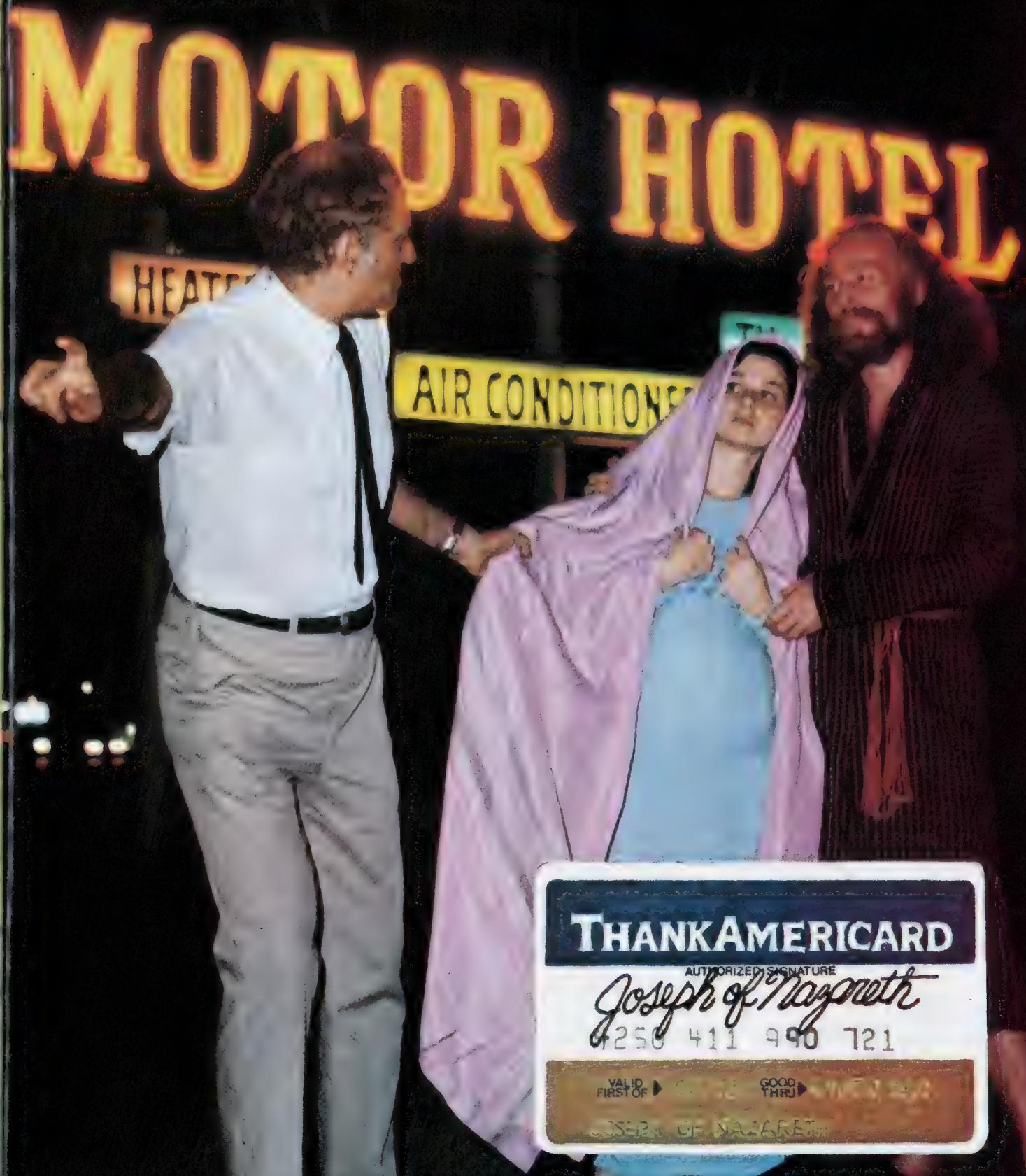


In Thailand, singers go about the villages on Christmas Day farting.

# No Room At The Inn

Too bad Joseph didn't have a THANKAMERICARD. It could have easily held a room for the Holy Family. Now the Baby Jesus has to be born in a gas station.

THANKAMERICARD is the smart way to plan a worry-free vacation. Apply today!

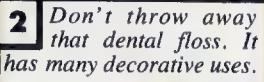


# Cripple Christmas Crafts

If you only have 5 or 10 dollars in your pocket this Christmas, you probably won't want to waste it on gifts. Hit two birds with one stone, solve your garbage and gift problems easily and quickly with folksy homecrafts! Here's just a few ideas:



1 Turn those dead goldfish into beautiful ear-rings.



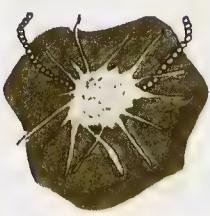
2 Don't throw away that dental floss. It has many decorative uses.



a. Beautiful snarl-weave place-mats. Directions for six matching placemats in six distinctive patterns now available.



b. Make a tiny bird's nest to accent your bonsai tree.



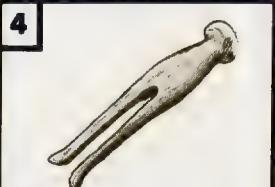
c. Or a Sunburst Broach-just spray with gold model airplane paint.



d. Have your very own dental floss rosary.



3 That old catcher's mitt will make a perfect hanging planter.



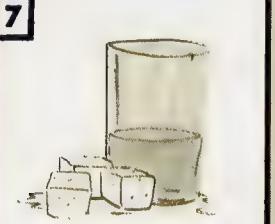
4 Don't throw away those clothes pins. Each one can be made into a beautiful lawn chair.



5 Those T.V. Dinner plates can be turned into distinctive wall coverings.



6 Before you throw out that old Dining Room table, make sure there's no one on your list who needs a new artificial limb.



7 Don't throw away those left over ice cubes. They can be made into water for both drinking and cooking.



8 Turn that old bikini into a pair of earmuffs and an ascot.



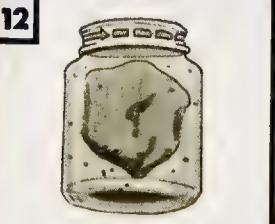
9 Don't throw out that old glass eye. You may have a nephew who's looking for a large aggie.



10 That old Preparation H applicator can be made into an excellent dog-whistle.



11 The head of your old toilet brush can be made into a mod bracelet. Just turn it inside out and spray the desired color.



12 Having major surgery soon? Don't throw whatever it is away. Properly preserved, it can make a great conversation piece and paper-weight.

# Handy Helpful Hints...

## For The Harried Holiday Housewife!

Can't think of anything to give that special him or her on your Christmas list? Aww, quit complaining, willya? There's loads of things you can toss their way. Here's just *one* idea-ties! (Would you have thought of it??) Here's plenty more great gift ideas, for every pocketbook:

1. jackhammer
2. unicycle
3. a Mike Douglas disguise kit
4. an Art Fleming Shake-up Mug
5. Statue of Budda with clock in its stomach
6. Sign, hand-painted with 14 carat gold paint on imported teakwood, saying, "If you're so smart, why aren't you rich?"
7. salt shaker in shape of President Kennedy (holes in chest instead of in head, because holes in head could be in bad taste)
8. Dan Blocker's entire wardrobe.
9. gold knuckles.
10. solid-state whoopee cushion containing actual recordings of Arthur Fiedler's post-concert farts.
11. simulated Grecian Urn, leaving nothing to the imagination
12. silver tea pot with 12 matching dribble cups
13. personalized stomach pump
14. stuffed Doberman Pincher lifting its leg
15. statue of President Kennedy with clock in his stomach
16. a fake hand
17. an inflatable sheep
18. a kitchen sink
19. painting of Mona Lisa on black felt in Day-Glo paint (naked)
20. an iron maiden
21. silver thumb screws
22. picture of former President Nixon (his eyes avoid you no matter where in the room you stand)
23. a pound of flesh
24. autographed Rachel Welch pillow
25. 40-pound salami in the shape of Moishe Dayan
26. false eyelashes made from Bob Dylan's nostril hairs
27. plaster-cast of David Bowie's armpit
28. fuzzy dice, weighted in your favor
29. small knife for spreading cheese on cockroaches so that the rats will eat them
30. poisoned cheese
31. fake identification
32. portable electric chair



# Holiday Feast

Ladies, tired of busting your hump over Christmas dinner every year? You'll be glad to know that **STUFFER'S** now offers, thanks to the miracle of **DRY POWER**, a completely dehydrated dinner with a down home flavor! You just add water and stand back!

You get:

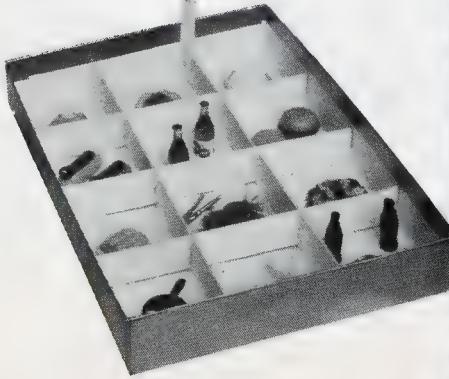
**THE TURKEY!**  
**THE STUFFING!**  
**THE GIBLET GRAVY!**  
**THE BAKED AND WHIPPED POTATOES!**  
**THE THREE KINDS OF SALAD!**  
**THE CANDIED YAMS, CORN PEAS, SQUASH, BEETS, WAX BEANS AND BRUSSEL SPROUTS!**  
**THE CRANBERRY SAUCE!**  
**THE PIES, PUMPKIN, APPLE, MINCE MEAT, CHERRY - AND THE SUET PUDDING WITH BROWN SUGAR SAUCE**  
**PLUS: THE AFTER DINNER COFFEE AND BRANDY!**



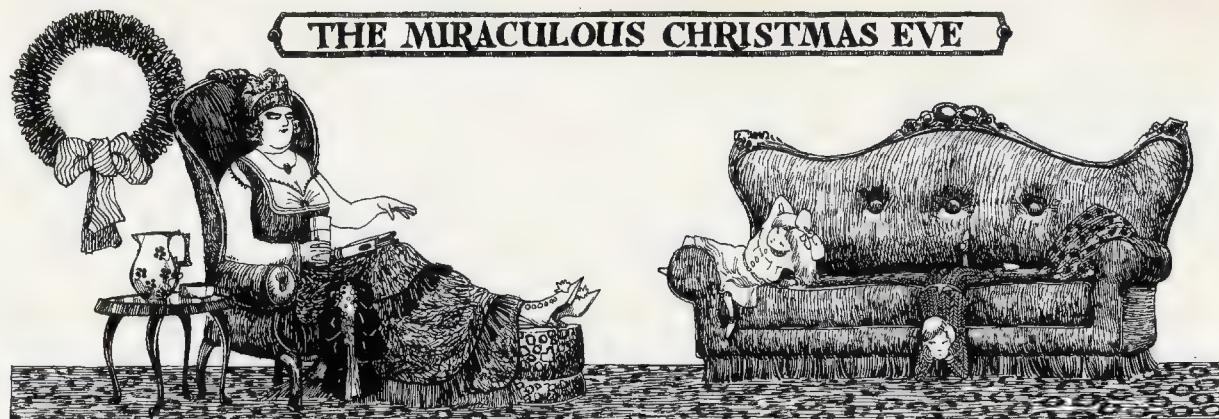
*This is Mrs. Ralph Kybosh, typical housewife and mother from Boise, Idaho, and she's got a secret! It's the easy fixins of STUFFER'S HOLIDAY FEAST.*

*Just place one drop of water on each of the micro-encapsulated nutro-capsules and . . .*

*Presto! . . . STUFFER'S COOKS THE DINNER, and you get the credit! You get praised not pooped! Mrs. Kybosh says "THANK YOU STUFFER'S!"*



# THE MIRACULOUS CHRISTMAS EVE



It was Christmas Eve and the Rumplemeyer children looked eagerly to their mother for a special story. "Tonight I am going to read you my favorite, the story of the little match girl," she said.



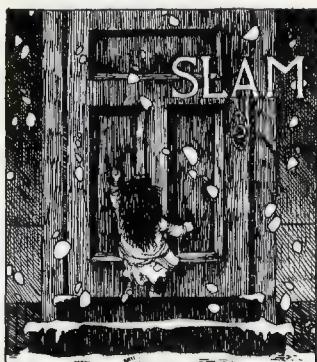
The poor little match girl, she wore only rags. She had no stockings and her under-wear was full of holes.



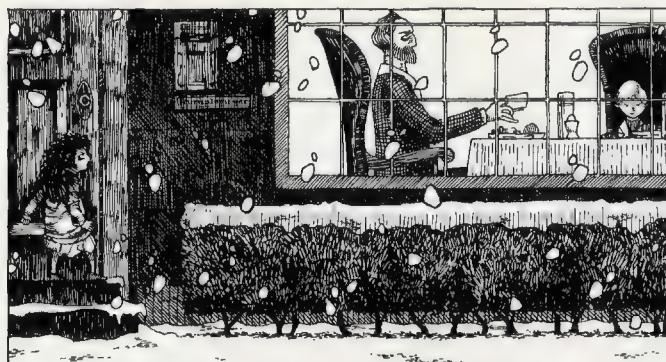
She hadn't eaten a thing for weeks, but now it was Christmas Eve. Tonight, surely someone would buy her matches, someone would notice her.



She noticed a wealthy man and felt drawn to follow him to his big, beautiful house.



The little girl didn't dare knock because her fingers were frozen and she was afraid they might break.



Suddenly, it was night and the dining room window loomed bright and gay in front of her. They were just sitting down to a beautiful Christmas dinner.



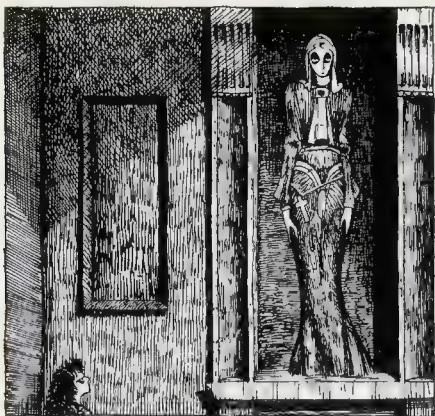
Food, it was all she could do to keep from crying at the beauty of it.



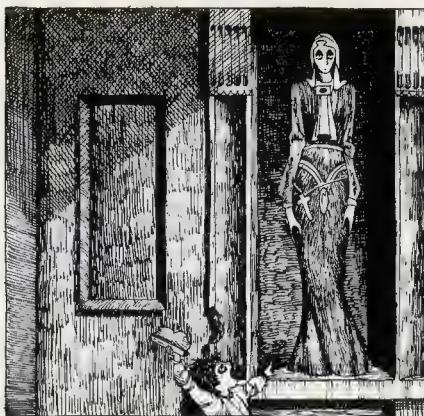
She turned away, afraid of betraying her presence. She didn't want to spoil their dinner.



She didn't know how long she wandered but she became aware that she had entered a house of God.



She saw our Blessed Mother there, her Mother, standing cold and austere in a marble alcove.



In her delirium, the little girl spoke to the statue. "So if you're my mudder, how's come I live out inna snow an' you gotta swell dump like this?"



A miracle! In compassion, the Mother spoke. "Pipe down, willya!"

"Afraid?" the girl replied.



"What do you want, public acknowledgment?" said Mother. "Naw, just bump me into a higher tax bracket," was the retort.



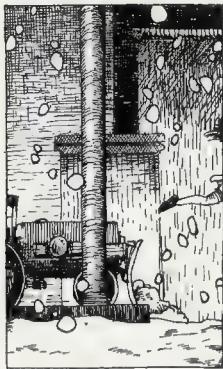
Mother was gentle. "I can't just change things for everybody..." "Not everybody. ME! I'm onto your act and I'll blow your cover if you don't play ball," cried the girl.



"All right, go back into the snow. In a minute, your life will change," capitulated the Virgin, but under her breath, "So it's a set-up! Even I get bitchy once a month!"



The little girl was full of joy as she ran out into the street.



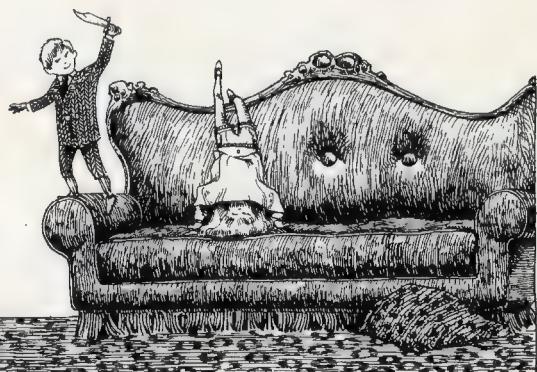
Eagerly she looked... and looked...



and looked for her new life.



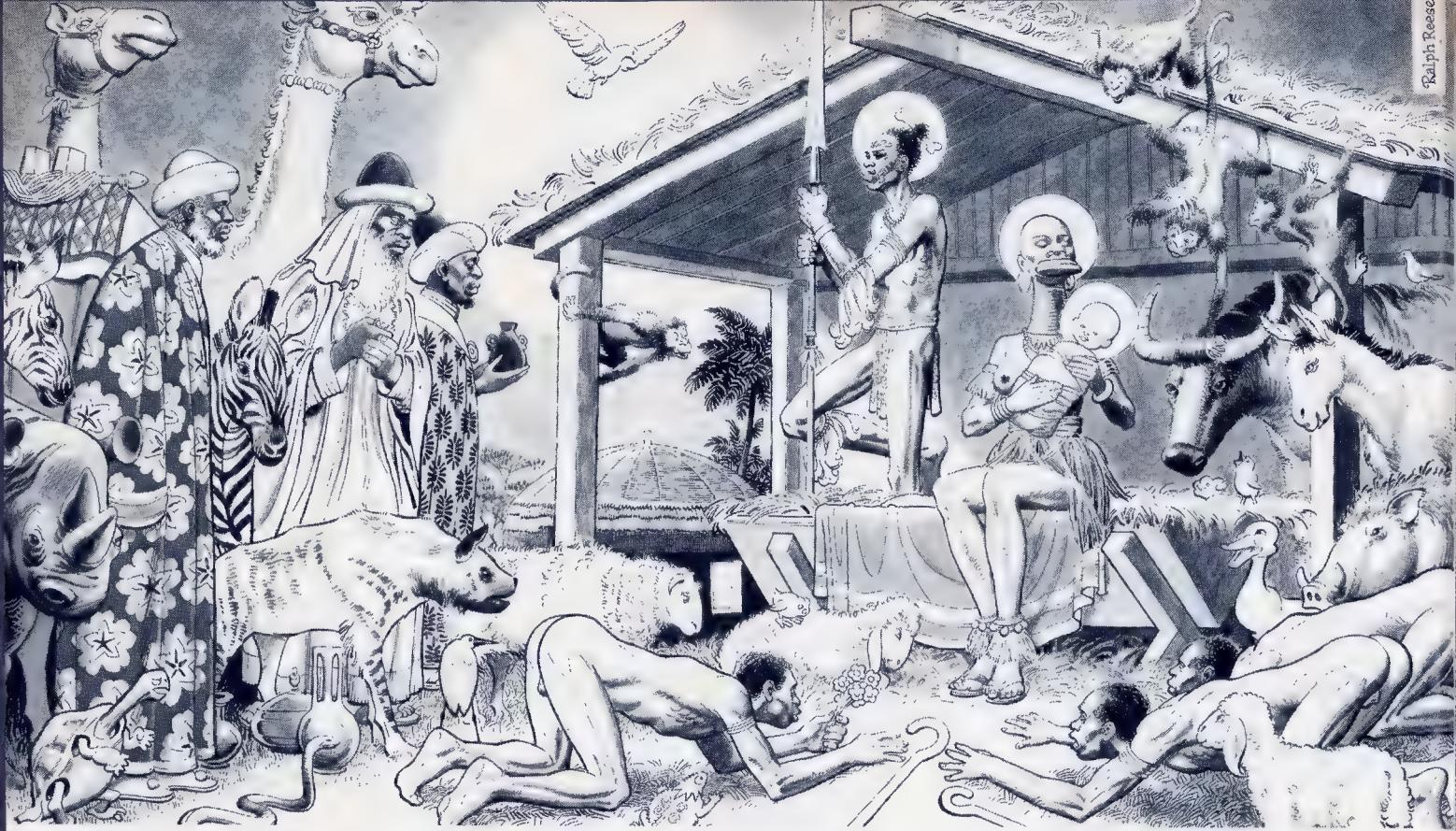
"Did she turn into a princess or find a lot of money?" asked the children.  
"No, she didn't look before crossing and she was flattened by a snowplow!"  
"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha," chortled the children all the way into Christmas dinner.



SKRENES/SKEATES/SIMONSON

The End





# The Gospel According To Sambo

by Dean Latimer

To commemorate this joyous holiday season, HARPOON drops its facade of jollity momentarily to print the opening passages of *The Gospel According To Sambo*. Said to be Jesus' mysterious 13th disciple, Sambo after the crucifixion was directed to proselytize the peoples of his native Africa, no mean task. Little more in fact was heard of him, until the 19th Century, when an emancipated slave named Royal Crown transcribed the following from a Liberian medicine man. Subsequent portions of Sambo's Gospel may appear as holiday occasions arise.

## CHAPTER ONE

1. So it happen dat when *Gus Caesar* he was de Emp'r'er, he say ev'buddy in de 'hole worl' got to pay de tax. (Sy-reeniush was de gob'ner in Syria 'bout den.) An' all de folks go to dey own city for to pay de tax. And *Big Joe*, now, he go down fum Nazareth in Galilee to *Bethlehem* in Judaea, where de *David* fambly come fum (he be of de Davids, *Big Joe*), with he ol' woman, *Mary*.

2. But *behole*, li'l *Mary*, she all swole up wid der firs' chile, an' lan', it just gone come, no matter how. But de white folks now, dey say dey ain' no room in de hos-tel, so *Mary*, she gone have to lay up in de cowshed out back.

3. Meanwhile, back in de bush, dey's a bunch of de boys a-tendin' to de sheep, an' *behole*, here come de *Angel Gabriel* down outen de sky! And oh my, ain't he bright, just *shinin'* all

ober? Dey's mighty *fearful* ob dat ole *Angel*, yes sir!

4. But he jes' say, don't fret youse'fs, boys, I gwine to gib you all de good news, for to tell all de white folk: tonight in *Bethlehem* de saviour had borned, Jesus Christ *Hisse'f*. And y'all wan' go fetch him, he be in de cowshed wid de diapers still on he.

5. An' den, Lor', Lor', dey's a plum' whol' posse of Angels wib he, jus' a-singin' an' a-hollerin', Glory be, Glory be, don't fuss and don't fret none no-body!

6. So dese boys, dey look all roun' each at de odder, an' dey say, My yes, let's us just go lqok into dis! An' dey go on down by de cowshed, an' sho' nuff, dere dey be de baby, an' *Big Joe*, an' pretty li'l *Mary* just a-smilin'.

7. An' de boys go on home yellin' de Halley-looyah, Halley-looyah, an' tell de white folks what all dey saw.

## CHAPTER TWO

1. But hole on up now, 'cause also at de same time dey was t'ree white men come down fum de *Eas'*, an' dey say where be Jesus? We done see his star ober yonder, an' we come to worship he!

2. But dat ole debbil *Herod*, now, he hear all dis goin' on, an' he go all ober scared, Lor', an' he bring all de top white folk togeader, an' he say to dem: Who dis here Jesus anyway?

3. An' dey tell ole cruel *Herod*, dey say it all writ out clear an' plain as day, de new Gub'nor ob de people, he gone come out fum *Bethlehem*.

4. So *Herod*, he send de t'ree white men on to *Bethlehem*, an' he say, Lissen here, y'all find dis here chile, an' you tell me where he lay up, so dat I go worship he too.

5. So de t'ree white men, dey jus' follow de star, an' Lor', dey fetch

up at de cowshed, wid li'l baby *Jesus* an' *Mary* an' *Big Joe*. An' ain'dey happy to see He? Why, dey give he de gol', an' de frankincense, an' de myrrh. . . .

6. But dey don't tell dat debbil *Herod* nothin'! No sir, dey slope on back to de *Eas'*, where fum dey belong!

7. An' right dat night, de *Angel Gabriel*, he come an' say, *Big Joe*, you jus' up right dis minnit and scat along to *E-gyp'*! Y'all jes' lay low down dere 'till ole *Herod*, he pass away, you hear? And my yes, dat's just what *Big Joe* do!

8. But Lor', Lor', dat mean ole debbil *Herod*, he don't see no white men now, an' he jus' c'mence to feelin' so bad and evil, why, he up an' send de pat-tyrollers roun', an' dey kill all de babies unner two year old!

9. But *Big Joe*, he jus' lay out down in de lan' of *E-gyp'* wid *Mary* an' de li'l baby-chile *Jesus*; an' he don't say nothin'.

# Decorate Your Tree With Old Food & Rubbish

(and be the envy of your neighborhood!)

There are so many unseen expenses at Christmas—vacations and booze, and what not. How many times have you said to yourself, "Now I don't have enough money for the tree?" Why bother with a lot of difficult and complicated lights, etc.? Go with the smart money—here's a great place to skimp on expenses, and still keep the family happy! Make the decision to decorate with rubbish this year, and you'll save yourself a thousand headaches!

We put this tree together and had it working in a little under  $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour! Amazing? Not really. You can do it too, and here's how to get started!



milk cartons—go perfectly! Their unusual shape and gay colors make them a good tree-helper.



old meat—don't throw it all to Bowser! save battered, unusable meat for your tree, hang with paperclips!



fruit rinds—can be spiral cut for effect, then wrapped around the tree's trunk!



white bread—easy decorator appeal with good old white bread but would you have thought of it?



pop-tops — another "almost too obvious" decorator trick! You probably save them anyway, right?



# Gorgeous

"There's no end to the amount  
you can spend this

**Above:** The Christmas Candle by Contrere. Amaze your friends when you place this amongst fowl, wild rice and candied yams. The candle's holly collar makes it the ideal dinner gift. \$60. at Contrere shops. **This page, clockwise from the top:** The new Quad-Rock Deceptor-Deceiver, the ultimate component, \$9,956. from Siny; headphones \$265.; Aquatongue, the steel-swivel filter for the exacting smoker, acetone cooled, \$29.95 in chrome from Penny's Roccoco Boutique, Dallas; Deco Ashtray, from the simple Danish design, a mere \$155. from Stark Realities, NYC; "Can't Miss" Parkway Quarter gun, also shoots .60 cal. slugs, \$210. from the Roadhouse, NY; IUD Inspector. She'll blush, but secretly thank you. Gooseneck allows wearer penlight illumination of her interior. in silver, \$450 from Cutie-Twat Accessory Shops, SF; Bathroom Alarm, disguised as plunger head, hooks to flashing "occupied Sign" on bathroom door, without upsetting occupant, in six colors from Benet, \$896., at most Bowl & Basin shops; B-flat Flute, \$1090. from Selmer, plays itself. Comes with 40 songs, rubber mute. From Canine Contempo comes the Electric Daschund! Simulated wagging tail and "bark speaker" make this wheeled chromium dog an eye-catcher. Your radio signal puts you in command of this unique pet system. Compacted waste easily disposable, from Jassen-Moultrec, Hollywood, \$1899.



# Gifts of money you Christmas"



PHOTOGRAPHY BY VINCE ALOSA



**Above:** Wines of Distinction for Christmas; a sampling of some of the finer holiday wines, a rose and three whites: Nipple '39, with the famous heavy bouquet, Kisser Blanc '23, Coone's Barn, a good country wine, & Thunderbird '62, always an acceptable table wine for holiday fests as well as giving. All at the Wine Vine, NYC. **This page, clockwise from the top:** the Home Lie Detector from Marantz. Find out fast who's lying, punish the guilty, good for home or office. Wires hook to eye sockets, deliver brain-splitting shocks, \$1400.; Urban area survival kit, mask comes with oxygen tanks, earplugs for the with-it mid-towner, \$400.; the Ultimate Tool, hammers, saws, cuts, bends, staples, screws two ways, clamps and measures in 1/2 ounces, from Germany, in platinum only, \$5500.; new from IBM, the Novelette with revolutionary ball type head, writes novels automatically from plot punch cards you buy, only \$18,000; Treble Pie, the new high-frequency tweeter from JBL, 280db over 30,000hz, uses 80 1/2" spkrs. for great cymbals and piccolos \$550 each; Save-a-Dime Table Lamp, ideal for guest room, requires 25¢ every 10 minutes for 25 watt reading light. Let late night readers pay their own way, \$57.95 from Bloomingdale's.



# CHRISTMAS

## The Anal Tradition

by Dharles Chickens

### *A Fecal Feast in the Noicest Parrt' O England*

From year to year, from asshole to asshole this story has been passed down around the hearth. It's the story of the Anus family, a starving but happy row-house bunch whose Christmas celebration is always filled with drunkenness, gluttony and loose talk, and whose table is traditionally set with a rectal feast unknown in even the fanciest homes of London. Ah, glad tidings are everywhere, chestnuts roasting over pitch tar in old Dover's streets. The goodly citizens of England's industrial city drive their carriages slipshod by the Anus house throwing meat bones and crumbs on the family's doorstep. Bells hang from the balls of the jingle horses who leave steaming road apples wherever they tred. Let's go to the Anus cottage now, peek through the frozen hedgerow and envy the mirth and merriment inside the smouldering rude hut. . .

What's for dinner? Will it muft or minx? Bum or fudge? Aunt Filly's come over the hot buns and while Uncle Jim sleeps on the stove, she'll put them in his pockets to keep them warm. She butters hard acrons, adds mulch to the children's porridge for strength, and sprinkles the kitchen floor with manure. Sister Kate wears the Yuletide tinsel on her tush, and the boys don't mind a bit. "Who'll taste me frivoly?" she winks at the grocery boy who arrives with a sixty draught keg of Ale father Anus has wisely purchased. Aunt Filly winces and jams in another suppository, she's so excited about the chance to tip Edgar, the grocery boy, with her used one.

The dinner is on and in the open stove, and the bandy-eyed children, Stewart and Kate and Cousin Clemson sit cross-legged sucking on gargantuan candy canes. "Ay, Katie will nay give um up 'til she's eaten it all!" says mother. Aunt Filly laughs and hands her another to suck on. Sister Kate goes out to the alley, polishing her tinsel on the brick wall while the adolescent Edgar helps. She pulls her dress over his head in delight, and both are injured by a passing carriage which does not stop. They fall down, his leg broken, and Kate plays the schoolyard game, Suffocate the Suitor, with Edgar's head up her dress. Burried in the warm muslin, he half-moans but she whacks him with the big candy cane as he goes.

Young Stewart Anus shouts in the streets for his father to come home from the saloons—and come he does, William Jingles Anus III, sphincter working, loaded for bear. The merrie father and son demolish a paper boy with a mug of

hot ale, and go arm in arm towards the feast. They sing "Home to the hearth where the fillies sway, that's how my mom passed away, a pan in her hand, and I was her man, give me a home in your Christmas hay!"

The holiday feast is all served and waiting for father's grace. He sings it from the bathroom, and then tears into the goose. Mother is sitting on the neck and the head; she reaches for giblets and squeezes them oozing between her fingers. Broasted moles, braised earthworms and rack 'o wren beckon the tongue to savor their lusciousness. Clemson, the cousin from Whelps, Surrey, bangs with his spoon again and again on his dish and father silences him with a boat of gravy. Everyone laughs and the Yorkshire pudding explodes over Aunt Filly. She starts to cry and has to be sent to the kitchen to eat with the cat.

The maincoarse is over, and William Jingles Anus III, the Anus patriarch, calls for his cadger's pipe and announces that dessert will follow immediately. Mother can't wait because now it's time for the Speciale de Maison, an old family recipe. Little red pygmy assholes, a dozen on the silver plate, dripping with the special fecal sauce that's been simmering for hours over a slow char fire. Like little clams, but with no shells, these pygmy rectums are the Anus Family secret, passed from father to son. . . . "Twas Jonas Anus who first sampled the delicacy, my mottly little children . . . Aye, he did and floated down to Borneo where your Uncle Bassoon used Hottentot refugees to imitate the recipe as best he could . . . then the recipe was lost for decades to pirates who dined high on the scrumptuous little holes . . . 'til finally your dad, Jingles Anus III, a mere shipboard swain at the time I remind you . . . first cooked the little things for Captain Cruel of the Queen's Navy . . ." Father swallowed another one whole, and licked the red sauce from his fingers and then snapped them smartly. "Ah, 'twas a task roundin' up them little holes . . . they were snock into England at night in terrible big barrels. Tempted as the smugglers might 'o been by the grine, 'tis a wonder we got a dozen or so!"

Dame Billoughsry knocks on the door of the tiny Anus cottage, and strides in. "What a fine feast you have here! Hello everyone!"

"Please, why cunt you come in!!" shouts father, buttoning his ale-soaked jacket.

(continued on page 50)

# Andy Warhol's unfinished symphony.

We asked Andy Warhol to paint a picture of a Pioneer high fidelity receiver. He can't seem to finish. He says he gets so wrapped up in the beautiful sound of the subject that he can't concentrate on the way it looks.

Andy is a great artist, filmmaker and journalist. And he's a man who appreciates great music. He knows you can't have great music unless you have great equipment.

That's why he owns Pioneer. As far as the portrait goes, he has our unfinished sympathy.

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp.,  
75 Oxford Drive, Moonachie,  
New Jersey 07074.  
West: 13300 S. Estrella, Los Angeles  
90248 / Midwest: 1500 Greenleaf,  
Elk Grove Village, Illinois 60007  
Canada: S. H. Parker Co.

**PIONEER**  
when you want something better

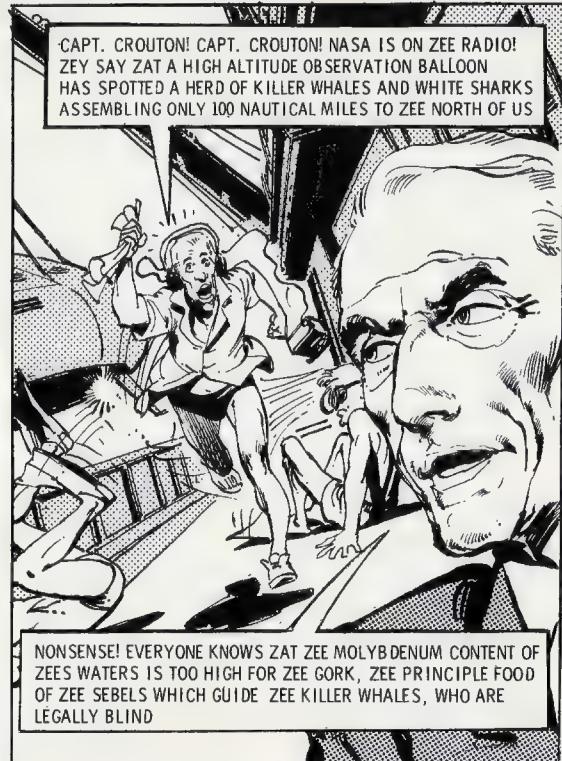
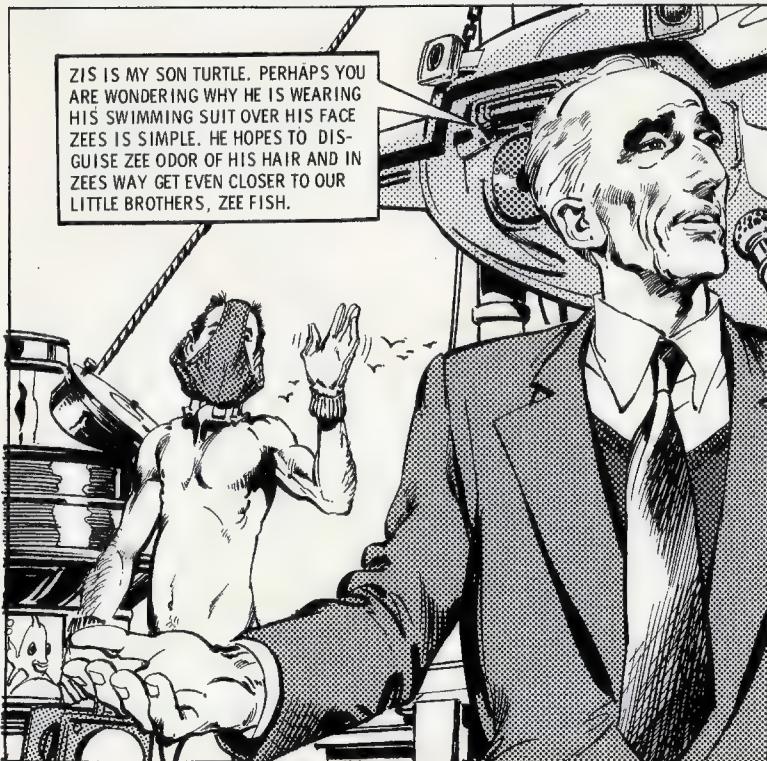


# CAPTAIN CROUTON and the men of the CHA CHA in GRANT MADNESS

N. Adams/B. Lopez

TELL US CAPT. CROUTON, HOW IS IT THAT A MAN OF YOUR SCIENTIFIC STATURE HAS REDUCED HIMSELF TO STUDYING SOMETHING AS OBTUSE AS CRIMINAL BEHAVIOR AMONG THESE SLIMY SEA CREATURES?

VELL, ZEE MAIN REASON IS, OF COURSE, MY CONCERN FOR JUSTICE IN ZEE VAST UNDERWATER REACHES OF ZEE OCEAN, BUT MONEY FOR MY WORK MUST COME FROM SOMEWHERE YOU KNOW. I AM ONLY A POOR MAN. I RECEIVED A SMALL GRANT FROM PACIFIC RIFFFIELD TO STUDY CRIMINAL BEHAVIOR AMONG ZEE SLUGS BECAUSE ZHEY SINK IT HAS SOMEZING TO DO WIS NOT FINDING ANY OIL HERE. SO, I TAKE WHAT I CAN GET. I HATE OIL YOU KNOW, BECAUSE OF ZEE POLLUTION. ONLY ENOUGH TO RUN ZEE CHA-CHA, ZAT IS ALL I ASK. NOW COME, LET ME SHOW YOU WHAT WE ARE DOING.



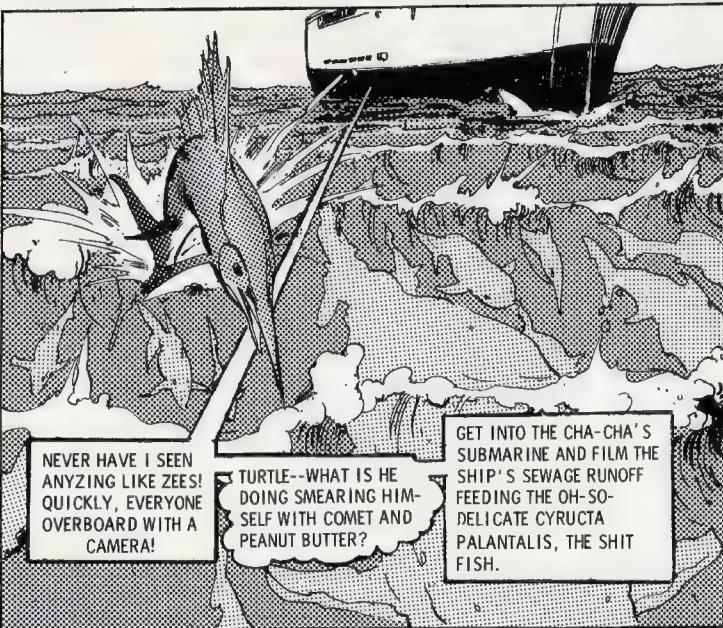
PERHAPS YOU KNOW OF MY PIONEERING LEGISLATION IN ZIS AREA IN 1941. BECIDES, KILLER WHALES AND WHITE SHARKS NEVER AGREE ON ANYTHING! HAVEN'T ZOSE SILLY BOZOS EVER READ MY FISH INTERVIEWS?



BUT CAPTAIN! ZEE MONEY! SINK 'F ZEE MONEY! NASA HAS AGREED TO GIVE US ENOUGH MONEY TO FILM ZEES HISTORIC, UNPRECEDENTED MEETING BETWEEN ZEE WHALES AND SHARKS IF ZEE CAN GET ZEE MONEY FROM CHEVROLET WHO HAVE A NEW LINE OF WHALESKIN SEAT COVERS WITH SHARKS ACCENTS.



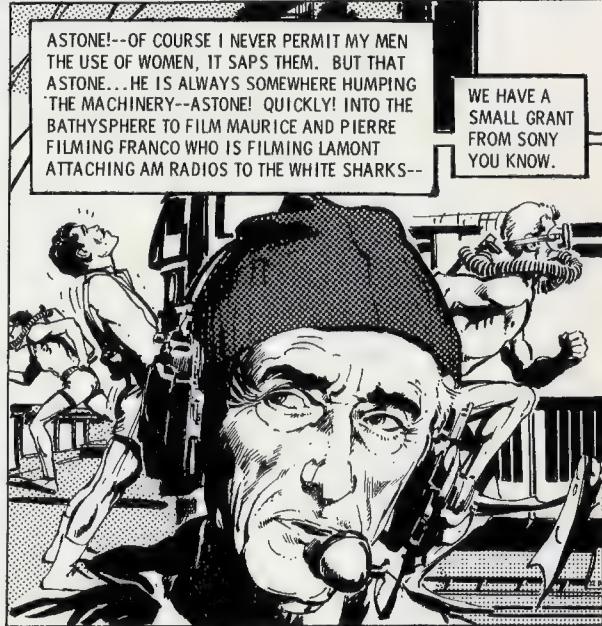
OF COURSE! STEER NORTH. WE ARE LUCKY TO HAVE SUCH AN OPPORTUNITY. WE CAN MILK NASA AND HAVE ENOUGH LEFT OVER FOR ONE OF MY FOUNDERING PET PROJECTS--ZEE FOLKLORE OF PIANO TUNES AMONG ZEE PORK FISH OF TIDAL NEW JERSEY. PLEASE-- GET ZEE CAMERAS ROLLING WHILE I CHANGE CLOTHES AND SHARPEN MY NOSE.



NEVER HAVE I SEEN ANYZING LIKE ZEES! QUICKLY, EVERYONE OVERBOARD WITH A CAMERA!

TURTLE--WHAT IS HE DOING SMEARING HIMSELF WITH COMET AND PEANUT BUTTER?

GET INTO THE CHA-CHA'S SUBMARINE AND FILM THE SHIP'S SEWAGE RUNOFF FEEDING THE OH-SO-DELICATE CYRUCTA PALANTALIS, THE SHIT FISH.



WE HAVE A SMALL GRANT FROM SONY YOU KNOW.



CAPTAIN! I HAVE JUST HEARD ON ZEE RADIO ZAT WE HAVE BUNGLED INTO A SOUTH VIETNAMESE EXPERIMENT TO FEED KILLER WHALES A DIET OF PHILLIPINO PEASANTS ON A SPECIAL GRANT FROM THE U.S. ARMY.

AS PART OF ZEE INTERNATIONAL DETANTE, ITALIAN SUBMARINES ARE BEING USED HERE TO TORPEDO LIVE PEASANTS OUT TO ZEE FISH. WE ARE TO LEAVE IMMEDIATELY!

NEVER! ZEES IS HORRIBLE! WHO KNOWS WHAT ZEE SLOPEHEADS WILL DO TO THE DELICATELY BALANCED DIETS OF ZEE FISH? WHERE ARE THE NUTRITIONAL STUDIES? QUICK, OVERBOARD WITH THE CAMERAS -- WE HAVE A SMALL GRANT FROM HARTZ MOUNTAIN YOU KNOW.

IF ZEESE LITTLE FELLOWS ARE WHAT ZEE WHALES AND SHARKS LIKE TO EAT, ZEEN WE HAVE HERE A BEGINNING OF A SOLUTION TO THE HORRIBLE PROBLEM OF OVERPOPULATION IN THE FAR EAST!

OH, REALLY PAPA. ZIS IS ZEE GRANT FROM ZAT ZEARS AND ROWBUCKS TO ENDORSE ZAIR WATER SPORTS EQUIPMENT IN A SERIES OF SILLY ADS IN WHICH I LOOK LIKE AN AZZOLE.

TURTLE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH ZOSE SWIM FINS ON YOUR EARS?

I HAD FORGOTTEN. I'M SORRY. ANYWAY, TAKE THEM OFF. WE ARE HEADED FOR PEARL HARBOR TO STUDY THE DETERIORATION IN THE BATTLESHIP ARIZONA, THE SUPPORTING ECOSYSTEM AND THE POSSIBILITY OF FEEDING PEOPLE ON SCRAP IRON. AS YOU KNOW I AM INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS FOR MY ENVIRONMENTAL STANDS. WHY ARE ZEESE WHITE SHARKS FOLLOWING US?

ZEY HAVE A GRANT FROM ZEE GRIPS INSTITUTE TO SABOTAGE ZEE VIETNAMESE FEEDING EXPERIMENT BY DEVELOPING DIARRHEA. THIS ATTRACTS THE PLUTA FISH WHICH ATTACKS THE EAR ORGANS OF THE KILLER WHALES AND DRIVES THEM INTO A FRENZY, ZEY TEAR APART ZEE ITALIAN SUBMARINES.

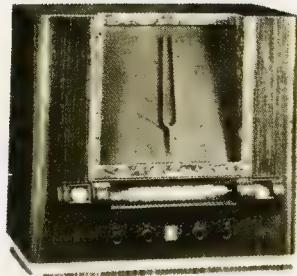
GRIPS GOT ZEE MONEY FROM WEST GERMANY. A MATCHING GRANT FROM CBS REQUIRES ZAT ZEY STUDY YOU AS A REPLACEMENT FOR MARLIN PERKINS.

AH, NATURE! I AM ALWAYS AMAZED AND HUMBLED BY HER COMPLEXITY, HOW ALL THINGS ARE CONNECTED. ZEES IS ZEE GREAT LESSON OF ECOLOGY.

I LOVE ZEES WORK SO MUCH, WORKING IN A SERVANT'S CAPACITY FOR ALL MEN. ZEE ALTRUISM, ZEE MYSTICAL ASPECTS OF MY WORK.

I MUST GET A GRANT FROM THE SORBONNE TO STUDY ZEES CONNECTION, WHY A POOR MAN LIKE ME IS SO HAPPY. PERHAPS IT IS ZEE TV EXPOSURE...

SMALLEST WHALE



# PART THE SECOND **SALTEENS**

**by Jeff Brayn**

*"If Life was a mere set of numbers, I'd have to count you out"  
—The Suburban Text of Holy Insurance Policies*

*(The Salteens, whose lives are devoted completely to invalidism, inhabit an abandoned pizza hut in Syosset, Long Island. In the last adventure (Harpoon Nov.), their historic meeting with 300 Sioux Indians and Ray Kroc, President of McDonald's, was hashed through, allowing the family an ample dose of the pain and embarrassment they thrive on. Join with us again for Part II, in which Papa Salteen visits Max's Kansas City, plans a trip for the family, and is emotionally ruined by the sight of his disgusting, long lost daughter, Gwen.)*

Sunday is a day of deep reflection to God fearing people all over the World. The Salteens are no exception to the rule. Mama Salteen devoutly spends every Sunday looking at herself in the Mirror on the Ladies Room Wall.

Papa and Herbert sit quietly, warming themselves by the Pizza Oven. All seems peaceful at the Salteen Estate.

Suddenly, a crash is heard coming from the Ladies Room. Fear fills Papa Salteen's underwear and Herbert's Socks for they know full well that Mama Salteen is in the Bathroom Alone.

Papa wheels in towards the Ladies Room in Second Gear, crashing through the Door to see what has occurred.

Papa Salteen finds Mama sitting on the floor, crying her eyes out and chewing on a Sanitary Napkin. Glass is splattered all over the John, and as Papa looks up he sees that the mirror is broken. Instantly Papa Salteen knows what is wrong. Mama Salteen feels she is getting fat. That is why she broke the pretty

mirror with the words "TRY OUR CALZONE", on it.

Papa has the perfect solution. He will enlist Mama in a Weight Reducing Clinic. Papa takes out the Yellow Pages and looks up the subject at hand. Under the Column marked Fatso Schools, he finds one called "The Young Socialist Weight Reducing Society and Lesley Gore Fan Club".

Papa calls the group for Mama. The Director of the Clinic Dr. Blubber Phelps, tells Papa to have Mama Salteen Down there tomorrow morning during their Religious Experience Hour, which is broadcast Nationally over the Pot Belly Religious Network; when they worship a giant Dietetic Chocolate Cake.

Mama Salteen has overheard the whole conversation, which makes her so excited that she goes roller skating nude on the roof of the hut. Papa Salteen gets nervous whenever Mama does this, however, Papa believes in letting Mama Express herself totally, thus, he does not discourage her from this Art Form. Herbert meanwhile is making plans for tomorrow. Always the enterprising young invalid, Herbert knowing where the Trends are going will spend his Monday hawking Pierre Cardin Crutches on 7th Ave.

Papa Salteen, still itching to get back in the mainstream of Hollywood and Stardom, has just finished a script he was writing entitled "KAREEM ABDUL-JABBAR VS. THE WERE WOLF", which will star Audrey Hepburn, Ryan O'Neal, and Kris Kristofferson. The firm will feature an unexpected finish in which ABDUL-JABBAR sky

hooks a silver bullet through the Werewolf's Skull, while Maurice Chevalier and Dan Blocker perform a song and dance act Salute to Necrophelia. Monday morning Papa Salteen plans to take the script to a top producer in Iowa City, who will Premiere it at the Chapter 566 Veterans of Canine Wars Convention.

Everyone is immersed in thoughts of Tomorrow's Activities. Thus, what a perfect time for the door bell to ring. Surprise! Surprise! It's Grandpa Adolph!, And he has presents for everybody. For Papa there is a Yamulka (i.e. Skull Cap for you non Urban Ignorant Readers) with a Gold Swastica on it. For Mama there are 5 Delicious Soap Erasers. And for Herbert, an automatic self strapping Neck Brace.

Grandpa Adolph takes off his combat boots and helmet and marches over to the piano and plays his favorite song "If Hitler Only Knew Then, What I Know Now, OY VAY."

After his unforgettable performance which included the "GAS CHAMBER BOOGIE", the Door Bell Rings again. This time it's the Burger King Girl holding her boyfriend's pickle, collecting for the National Diaphragm Society, which supplies this needed form of birth control to Poor Eskimos who have immigrated to Jackson Heights. Grandpa Adolph soon ends this bit of degenerate anti-arian obscenity with his sub machine gun, a gift from the Ford Foundation.

Papa Salteen knows something must now be done with the bodies. For Papa Doubted the ignorant authorities would  
(continued on page 38)

# Harpoon Historical Society Poster



# American



# Nowhereland

ILLUSTRATION BY PETER BRAMLEY

# HARPOON

## BIG BROADCAST

### PART THE SECOND SALTEENS

(continued from page 35)



understand Grandpa Adolph's Morality Crusade, and besides that, Papa knew that Mama didn't feel like waxing the Floors again. Papa had the perfect idea. He would drive the bodies of the Burger King girl and her boyfriend's pickle to Max's Kansas City, and Papa would sit them at a table. There no one would think they were unusually immobile.

Herbert decided to come along for the ride. Actually, he wants to show off the new neck brace, however, he is very discreet about this particular feeling of vanity.

After Papa takes care of this responsibility, he realizes that the family could all use a Vacation. Mama seems so tired these days. Raising a cockroach colony is not an easy task, even for somebody who uses EX-LAX as a seasoning.

Thus, Papa wheels his way into the Wrong Way Travel Agency with Herbert, and asks the agent to map out the Perfect East Coast trip for the family on a budget. The agents tells Papa he has the perfect vacation for him, a tour of the 5 Great Ghettos of the East. Papa checks over the rat infested pamphlet, and finds the tour includes-Harlem, the Dorchester Section of Boston, Elizabeth, N.J., and 2 other Exotic Southern Slums. Papa and Herbert are excited about the vacation, and can't wait to get home to Syosset and tell Mama and Grandpa Adolph about their exciting plans.

However, on their way home, they see something which will scar their memories forever.

As Papa and Herbert Drive Down Second Ave., Suddenly traffic is being stopped by a parade. Papa cannot think of the holiday it is, and neither can Herbert. Their confusion is soon erased by a banner carried by 2 transvestite Polar Bears and the President of a Local Driving School which read "Celebrate National Perverse Eroticism Week-Screw a Homo-Sapien"

This revolted Papa and Herbert Salteen extremely, but they had nowhere to go, since the traffic was at a stand still. The greatest shock was yet to come.

It was about 10 minutes after the Fabulous Fetish Bros. passed the Reviewing Stand, and stopped to shake hands with John Marchi and Frank Serpico, that a float passed by. When Papa and Herbert saw what was on that float they both passed out. For on that float was their run-away daughter Gwen making love to a Kangaroo, 2 Unlicensed Plumbers, and a Medium Rare Roast Beef Sandwich. When Papa and Herbert finally came to, cars were hunking them to move on, and that they did.

Not another word was spoken the whole trip back to Syosset. As they pulled into their driveway next to the sign that said 30 Minute Parking for Customers Only, they swore not to tell Mama or Grandpa Adolph what they had seen.

Upon entering the hut, Mama and Grandpa Adolph were in the middle of playing "Hide the Bra", a game Mama had learned from a band of gypsies who used to sell bootleg shoe polish in back

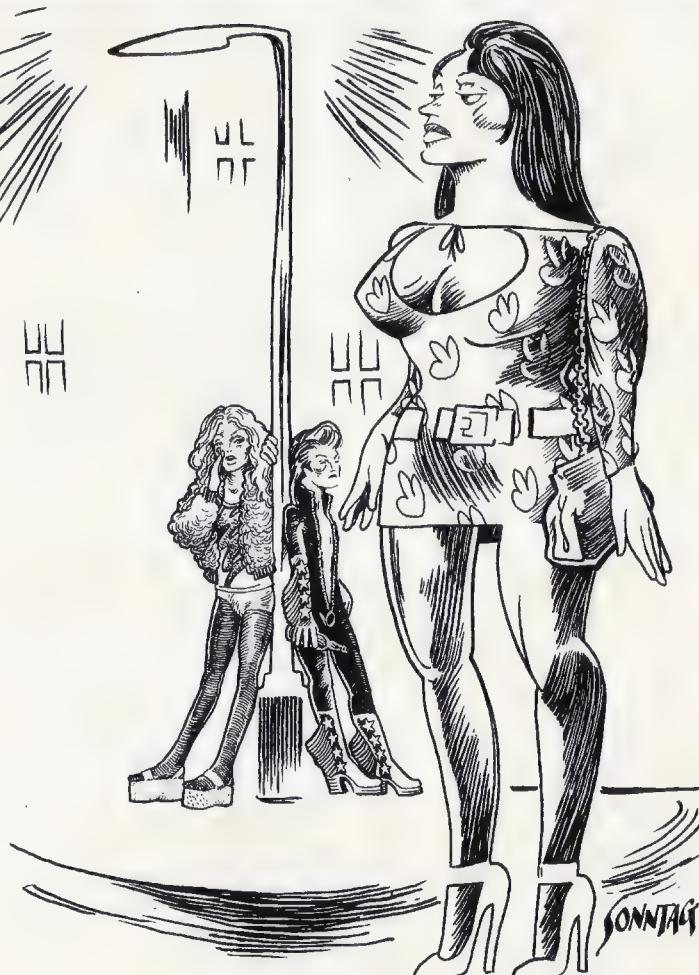
of a Texaco Gas Station in Miami. Papa and Herbert, not wanting to ruin Mama and Grandpa Adolph's fun, Joined in the game, hiding their anguish.

It had been a trying Sunday for everyone. So after Mama successfully tricked everyone by hiding the bra in a Half Gallon of Pistachio Ice Cream, everyone decided to call it a night.

Mama Salteen, however, wanted to sleep in the gutter like her friend David Derelict. Papa, in no state of mind to fight, gives his blessings. Grandpa Adolph is already asleep on the front counter, next to the cash register.

Papa gives Herbert an injection of Cancer Cells and a glass of Mexican Water, and then goes off to try to sleep himself. However it is not an easy task for Herbert or Papa Salteen to sleep after seeing what they have seen today.

*(If this is the kind of story that appeals to you, be sure and write and let us know. Who knows when the Salteens will appear again. Until then, give them your prayers.)*



Hey Baby, wanna get your ashes hauled?

# P.A.C.O.



(Preserve All Children From Obscenity) Newsletter

Published and Distributed FREE by the Tyler County Interfaith Confraternity of Mothers Providing Guardianship of Decency and Youth  
TAKE TWO! GIVE ONE TO A FRIEND!

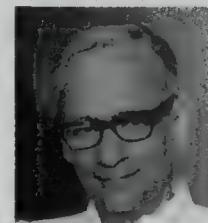


WITTEN BY DEAN LATIMER  
The purpose of memorial statues is to instruct and provoke reverential awe in our youth—not to deprave them by blatant exhibitions! At play, or walking to and from school, how should a moderately curious youngster hope to avoid looking at one of these filthy effigies that abound in Crary Mills, Hannawa Falls, Colton and Pierrepont's twin parks? Think of the countless little minds that have been turned aside from innocent thoughts of home and family by these indecencies, and sent plummeting down the garden path of unhealthy curiosity and ultimate evil practices! We are initiating a program with the Board of Supervisors to promptly eradicate these insidious embarrassments. Patriotism and respect for our forebears can be instilled perfectly well without this ubiquitous affront to civilized moral standards

## ANOTHER RAID ON BASSON'S

For the third time this month, valiant and concerned members of the Interfaith Confraternity filed sternly into Basson's Bookstore and Cigars on Water Street, Colton, to protest the dissemination of a lewd book, and encountered only stubborn hostility and self-styled arrogance from the owner-proprietor, Mr. Max Basson. Although the mere presence of such a book, offered openly and unashamedly for sale to virtually anyone curious enough to purchase it, poses a patent affront to community standards and a clear and present danger to our youth's morals, Mr. Basson refuses to remove it? Why? How much money can he make on this one book, out of the literally dozens of acceptable titles the IFC is willing to tolerate?

And moreover, both town and county police seem reluctant to move against this book, although fully apprised of its nature and contents by P.A.C.O. and the IFC. Sometimes it seems as though there may be Max Basson



(continued on page 40)

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL SULLIVAN  
PREVENT BAD T.V.  
LATEST ADDITIONS TO P.A.C.O.'S OBSCENE PROGRAMS  
ADAM-12, KUNG FU, ABC EVENING NEWS, THE MARY TYLER MOORE SHOW, THE MASH, ALL MY CHILDREN, ELECTRIC COMPANY  
BLACKLIST: MAUDE, THE DICKENS, THE TROUBLE WITH MISTER RUMBLE, THE WALTONS, THE BEAT THE CLOCK, THE MATCH GAME.  
(For Blacklist Instructions, see back page.)

OCCUPANT  
R.D. 4  
RENSSLEAER FALLS, OHIO

# IMPROPER SHENANIGANS

by  
**Rita Tubley**



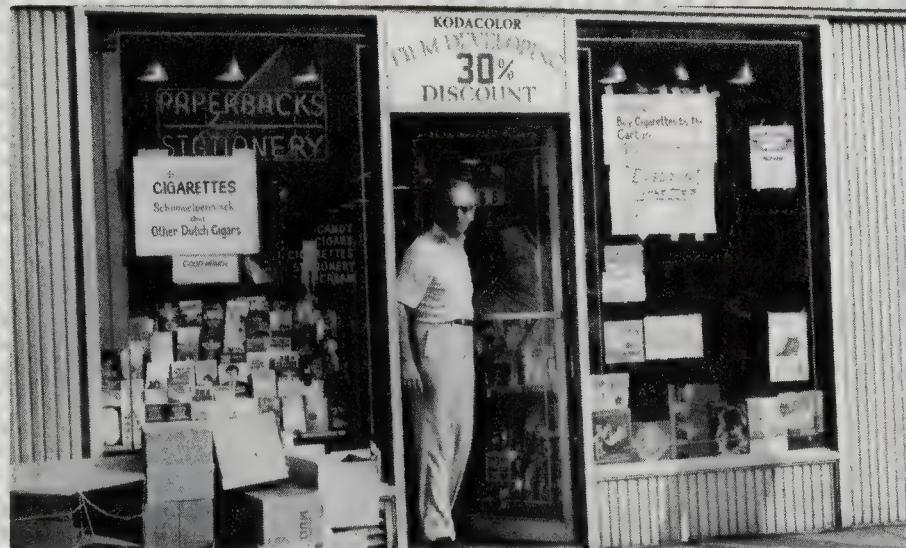
Tawdry goings-on in the American Theatre on Main Street in Canton last Wednesday night: aroused by mysterious "scuffling noises," usher John Poynton suddenly trained his alert flashlight on the last row and discovered the teenage son and daughter of two of the town's most prominent families in a *highly* compromising position. "They thought they could hide back there under the overhang of the balcony and do their funny business," revealed Poynton. "They thought they'd be safe, but they found out different." The whole affair was very disappointing to the families involved, who begged PACO not to print the culprits' names, and as we are assured that disciplinary action was promptly taken in the matter, we have done so. These youngsters can thank their lucky stars that their parents are influential in the community, or in "it would all have come out in the wash," and a certain young All-Conference fullback's name might be mud at CHS, and the same for his senior class valedictorian girl-friend.

\* \* \* \* \*

What retarded handyman at the Brasher Falls Pulp Mill was seen last week brazenly adjusting his underwear in clear view of the afternoon schoolbus? We realize that Mr. Hancock, the plant's proprietor, wants to help out his wife's brother, but is it necessary to place individuals of Herman's calibre in situations where they can be easily seen by the impressionable?

\* \* \* \* \*

I'm happy to report at last that the person responsible for leaving out a nude female mannequin in the window of Kepler's Department Store in Clinton on the night of April 12th has been positively identified. His name is Terry Grooper, 23, of 815 Sycamore Street, South Pierpont. He claims "not to have thought anything one way or the other" about this impermissible incident! The management at Kepler's ought to be aware that when such flippancy and insolence is tolerated in their personnel, the Mothers of PACO might be spurred to take appropriate action against the store itself!



Mr. Basson leers at us from his store on Water Street.

(continued from page 39)

be an actual conspiracy afoot to destroy our moral values! Only the fully mobilized rage of a fully aroused community, apparently, will suffice to remove this piece of poison from the reach of our youngsters.

But of course, PACO refuses to publicize this book by giving its name, for it is a sad but true commentary on "civilization" that such identifications often only increase the demand for such works. Therefore, let us quote merely a few lines, quite at random, from the fourth chapter of this so-called "Classic", innocently titled "The Counterpane":

"Upon waking next morning, I found Queequeg's arm thrown over me in the most loving and affectionate manner. You had almost thought I had been his wife . . . Queequeg was hugging me. My sensations were strange . . . For though I tried to move him—unlock his bridegroom clasp—yet,

sleeping as he was, he still hugged me tightly, as though naught but death should part us twain." Shocking? Lurid? Unbelievable? Yes, all that, and what is *totally* sickening—this passage portrays a "nocturnal encounter" between two *men!* Not only does it gloatingly depict the most wanton immorality, the most shocking perversion, but outright *blasphemy* is revelled in by the gratuitous rewriting of the sacred wedding vows in the last line!

Do you think this book should fall into the hands of *your* son or daughter, or their little friends should tell them about it? PACO's advice: Call Mr. Basson at home (NER-1687) and tell him what you think of a man who purveys such filth to children. And support PACO in our campaign to take away from Max Basson his Western Union franchise by sending all your telegrams from Pierpont or Cary Mills henceforward.



Interfaith Confraternity Soldiers remove filth.



## WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS?

An investigation of the custodial staff at Parishville Central High School is already under way, as the result of PACO's discovery of this wall in the first floorboy's room, serving grades 7-10. Apparently this diseased desiderata of this type is sometimes allowed to stand for days or even weeks before removal by the janitors, who claim that no sooner is it removed than it appears again, "as if by magic." Obviously the restrooms at PCH—and elsewhere in the county, according to reports—are improperly supervised. The Board of Education promises immediate action on this shocking prob-

lem. As to the culprits personally involved in this unimaginably psychopathic and perverted desecration, positive identification is still lacking. "DIRT SQUAD" agents, however, strongly suspect TOMMY "MEAN TOMMY" MACHESTER and SAMMY "GEEK" ZELMAR of having a dirty hand in this business. It is elements like these maladjusted individuals that do so much to injure the moral fabric of our well-brought-up youngsters. Help them, by all means, with whatever psychiatric counselling is available. But first, get them out of our schools!

## SEX CRIME IN HIS CURRICULUM?

Who told Ralph Sullivan to teach perversion and promiscuity in his sophomore biology classes at Heuelton Jr-Sr High School? "It was funny how he got around to it," remembers our still-shocked DIRT SQUAD agent from HHS. "He was just telling us something in anatomy about how your thalamoid glands work or something, and then next

thing he was talking about V.D. You know, clap and stuff. And he said you couldn't get it from toilet seats, but you had to have intimate relations, and if we ever got it, to go to a doctor right away because it could make you crazy, or if a girl got it when she was expecting—"



## PACO THANKS ITS UNDERGROUND REPORTERS

It is extremely heart-gladdening to report the dazzling success of PACO's month-old "High School Confidential" program. The many boys and girls secretly recruited by PACO through their church youth groups to gather information on indecency in our area high schools have been almost too voluminous in their shocking exposures. The following articles represent only a fraction of the data submitted by our brave and vigilant DIRT SQUAD, and show why high school life is all too often a "chamber of horrors" for our innocent children.

There was more, much more, but why go any further into the disgusting details? Only imagine: that classroom was full of *children*, most of whom had never before been exposed to these ideas, expressed by a stranger in such coarse, brutal terms. The question we must ask is, who gave Ralph Sullivan this information, and who told him to relay it to his class like this? What other little "gems" of suggestive, titillating "education" has he been told to poison our children's morals with? Ralph Sullivan lives at 137 Maple St. in Heuelton, and PACO wants this man investigated, starting now!

# EDITORIAL

## We're Coming Along Fine! But We Need Your Help

The Tyler County Interfaith Confraternity of Mothers Providing Guardianship for Decency and Youth is going great guns at eliminating unacceptable elements from our communities, and making this a safe and clean area in which to bring up children. But there is so much yet to do, and as our organization grows, so too do our needs grow. The cost of writing, assembling, printing and distributing PACO itself is enormous, and we want to expand it from 10,000 to at least 15,000 copies per

issue. This means a new-style Gestetner, plus delivery and mailing costs. Also, we must make phone calls all over the county, and frequent trips and speaking engagement as far away as Cincinnati, Detroit, and Milwaukee. All this adds up, so that if you can give just that little bit more to IFC this month, it'll make all the difference in the world. Our next month's budget, pared to the bone, is a \$52,800. Won't you help us meet it? For the sake of the children, won't you give just a little more to PACO?

## I.F.C. Bake Sale Oct. 27

The Tyler County Interfaith Confraternity of Mothers Providing Guardianship for Decency and Youth will hold its monthly Bake-'n-Book Sale at Sacred Heart Church, Brasher Falls, on Oct. 27. Offered besides the usual home-cooked pastries, casseroles, and rolls baked by our Cookies for Cleanliness Committee,

will be the various literary materials confiscated from area bookstores and newsstands over the month. ("Seven hundred *Playboys* at \$1.50 a shot," hints Sales Chairman Nan Duggan.) Proceeds will go into our program to eliminate all books by French authors from 19c local libraries.



## OFFENSIVE HEAP REMOVED

Reacting finally to strenuous complaints from local citizens, Crary Mills farmer Junior Svensen has bulldozed his conspicuous and revolting compost heap. Although it was clearly visible from the road between Crary Mills and Coteys' Corners, down which Clinton School

Buss #13 passed four times daily, Svensen refused to destroy the heap until an editorial in PACO #18 called wide attention to the atrocity. The heap had been standing exposed since February 12, when a fire leveled Svensen's barn, killing all his livestock.

# HIGH SCHOOL REPORT

## FORCED NUDITY FOR GIRLS!

The appalling fact is that in EVERY AREA HIGH SCHOOL, after-gym-showers for girls are insisted on as a matter of "policy." Thus girls are faced with the unimaginably humiliating prospect of stripping nude and parading before strangers, or with the upsetting alternative of breaking a rule every time they go to gym. How long can we tolerate the institutionalized erosion of our youth's moral faculties?

## "GIVE US BACK OUR SUNLIGHT!"

It is heart-rending to see the dread and horror with which most right-minded children await the long, dark trip to school this winter. Thanks to the victory of the "daylight-savers" last winter, children in the winter months are forced to endure long bus-rides to school in pitch blackness. Thanks to the inadequate lighting on our county schoolbuses, this opens possibilities for all kinds of hanky-panky between some poorly-trained children, and provides an irresistible temptation to all to misbehave likewise.

## POSTMASTER PONDERS RAPE PROPOSAL

County Postmaster Alvin P. Rains is seriously considering an Interfaith Confraternity petition to remove sex criminals from area post offices. Under the IFC's program, all "wanted" posters identifying criminals accused of sex crimes—rape, child molestation, exhibitionism, sodomy, obscenity, etc.—would be removed from public billboards in post offices to a special "reading room" restricted to persons 21 years of age or older.

## LOOSE MORALS IN MORELY?

Concerned residents of Morely have notified PACO of the deplorable situation of Millie McLagen, which is seriously compromising the respectability and moral tone of that community. Miss McLagen makes her living selling garden produce to local stores, a perfectly respectable and even admirable livelihood, in view of her well-known painful and conspicuous infirmities, sustained in a 1957 automobile mishap. However, lately Millie has been entertaining in her home, and her regular afternoon "guest" has been Mr. Gilbert Morgan, a widower of the community. And though so far no one has seen the Morgan truck in Millie's

driveway after dark, still, this situation has inadvertently become "the talk of the town." It is the opinion of the majority of decent people that a woman in Millie's position certainly must have higher things to be preoccupied with, and PACO agrees 100%. As for Mr. Morgan, he has raised children of his own, and must know perfectly well the effect this type of example has for them. Therefore, PACO has informed all Morely grocers of these goings-on at the McLagen house, and suggested they take the appropriate action concerning Millie's vegetables until the problem is resolved.



Millie McLagen

## OFFENDER OF THE MONTH:



### MAUREEN FRANCIS. Gouverneur Waitress

Probably the last place you'd ever go to see a "topless waitress" would be Guy's Bowling Lanes on DeGrasse Street in Gouverneur, wouldn't you? Well, that's just about what you would have found last Tuesday night, thanks to Maureen Francis, 19, who seems to think "cheesecake" belongs on the menu

right alongside "cheeseburger."

"When she came to work here, I just said to wear a white uniform, that's all," Protests Guy LaRose, owner of the Lanes, who insists he had no part in Maureen's tastelessly provocative display. "She always seemed like a good girl to me. I mean, she lives with her folks and

doesn't run around much from what I've heard. I never had any trouble with her before."

Well, trouble he got last Tuesday night for sure, when Maureen showed up wearing a smart new off-white sleeveless tank top with a scalloped hemline that revealed—well, you could certainly have tucked an ample roll of dollar bills into the area Maureen exposed! Surely when she put it on that night, she must have been aware that in the course of servicing her patrons she has to bend down before them, revealing everything there is to see—ample, to say the least!

Well, of course your PACO reporter was swiftly notified by an outraged citizen. When I arrived there, camera in hand, Maureen was still blithely going about her business of serving anywhere up to a dozen local high school boys, every one of whom was getting an eyeful, or I don't know human nature! The poor boys, what do you expect them to do? Well, I soon disrupted their little "treat," and sent Maureen home in tears to change into something more acceptable. And now, I'm proud to say, you can take your family to Guy's Bowling Lanes any night of the week without seeing any more of Maureen than absolutely necessary. Mr. La Rose is right, she's basically a good girl—but even "good girls" have to be herded back onto the straight and narrow path occasionally.



# GLURSH!

## by Scott Edelstein

*A good handjob can go a long way*

As a child, Melvin Wright was never much good at anything. He was born only after an unusually long and painful labor. He cried a lot. And a young boy he wet himself often and spilled his milk and left his vegetables on his plate. He learned to walk only with great effort, and his first word was "Momma." His vocabulary grew slowly. He was kind of skinny.

He never played baseball or football or catch or anything particularly well, although he did play second base for the Little League one summer. He couldn't play thinking games like tic-tac-toe or checkers very well, either.

When he entered school, he had trouble learning to read. He wasn't very good at drawing with crayons, or at learning to spell, or at giving book reports. He had several friends, but not many, and they were just as ordinary as he was.

You know lots of Melvin Wrights, dozens of them, probably. In fact, chances are that you are a Melvin Wright.

But, like you, Melvin eventually found something that he could do well. He discovered it when he reached puberty. Unlike other boys who went through the bodily changes slowly, Melvin rushed through them without a pause for breath. Almost overnight, his voice deepened, his bald chest, arms, and pelvis grew hair, and his penis lengthened a foot.

This last change greatly intrigued Melvin, especially when he discovered in the gymnasium locker room that his penis was more than twice the size of anyone else's. When he first learned of his phallic leadership, he felt a burst of pride. Unfortunately, the pride was short-lived. Herman Petrie was the one who pricked his bubble.

"You can't just have the biggest cock," Herman said. "You've got to do something with it."

And immediately, dull Melvin Wright came up with his first idea. Shaking with excitement, he ran home, while Herman called after him, "Hey! Where ya goin'?"

Melvin charged into his room, slammed the door shut behind him, and whipped his organ out. No doubt about it, it was one big hunk of meat. Next, he pulled out a porno magazine he had purchased from another boy at school, and opened it to the best picture.

And that afternoon, Melvin Wright made a great discovery.

He could jerk off better than anyone else in school.

No doubt about it. All he needed was a good, sexy picture, a couple of quick pulls, and *glursh!*

Naturally, Melvin was excited. So he practiced his art—four, five, six hours a day. By the time he was eighteen he was a master at masturbation. You should have seen him: what perfect strokes, what skill, what speed, what *style!* He had complete control over himself. *Whack, whack, splash!*

Melvin kept at it, religiously, day after day. He jumped rope and played tennis to keep in shape. He did pull-ups and flipped baseball cards to strengthen his hands, and he learned to play the piano to make them more sensitive. "The penis is like an instrument," he would say. "Treat it carefully, treat it with love, and it will respond properly. Remember that it is delicate, and improper treatment may result in an unsatisfying orgasm."

And so Melvin grew up. He went to a community college and eventually graduated with a low C average. Unfortunately, except for his unnatural talent

for unnatural acts, he never did too well in anything. So eventually he found himself out of college, with almost no money and his single talent. And he went looking for a job.

He couldn't find one, of course. After months of frustrated looking, he found that masturbation was a very specialized field, one that was almost impossible to break into. So he found himself back out on the street with nothing but the shirt on his back, a single dollar in his pocket, and the dong in his jockstrap.

And then, as he stood on a Mystic, Connecticut sidewalk in a small pile of dog turds, his second original thought struck him. Why not go into public service? With his powers, he could be a superhero! He imagined himself running from robbed bank to robbed bank, catching crooks and foiling crimes, and the thought appealed to him. And he decided to call himself Orgasm.

He ran immediately to a novelty store and spent his last dollar on a mask.

The next day he received offers to pose for gay magazines, but it was too late. His mind had been made up. And Orgasm was a reality.

Dear Orgasm,

I think you are the greatest thing that has happened to our sick society since the movies started showing bare tit. I think you are truly the Great American Hero. I would like you to fuck me.

I have really *big* boobs. In fact, 42 inches. That's a lot of tit. I have a nice trim waist and a soft ass, and I'm a real knockout in bed.

However, before our relationship goes any further, I think we should discuss a problem which may pop up. You are well-known for having the largest dick in the state. All the newspapers and magazines say so. But none

(continued on page 48)

# The History of Philosophic and Moral Apparatus and Their Inventors

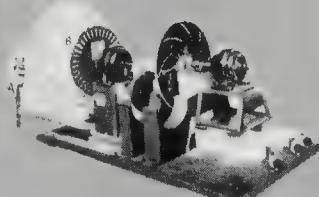
*(Being a compendium of the results of the applied truths of the arts and sciences: homogenized)*

by Bill Skurski Ph.D.

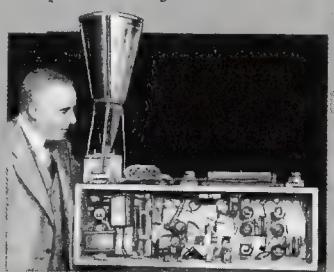


## Dropsacks Device

The first actual proof of a philosophic universe "with all things coming to pass according to the fixed laws of nature" (as conceived by the indolent dreamer Spinoza) was demonstrated by the moralist/mechanic, Theodore Dropsack. "If it is true that 'love conquers all', we should be able to prove it empirically," he said. He devised a simple test, using a human behavior simulator consisting of three dry cell batteries and a steam turbine which blew alternately hot and cold air! Then he took a small sample of Desire and heated it to a temperature of 450 degrees centigrade, until it vap-



orized! The steam was directed through a tube made entirely of Will! Following heavy electrical discharges, the batteries eventually burnt out, providing the best proof yet of the possibility of telepathic blowjobs!

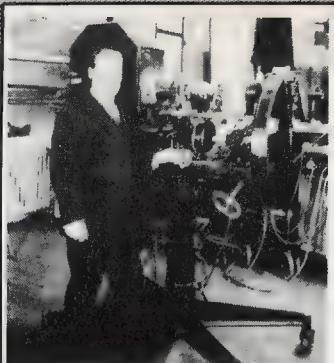


*A Modern Day Dropsack Transmitter*



## Monk's Glass

The device shown above is the "Monk's Glass" for discerning the actual color configuration of Evil. Long known for its chameleon like appearance, this force will turn up almost anywhere, and can only be identified by hue and chroma! The device is named after the monk, Julius Raspicus, who invented it.



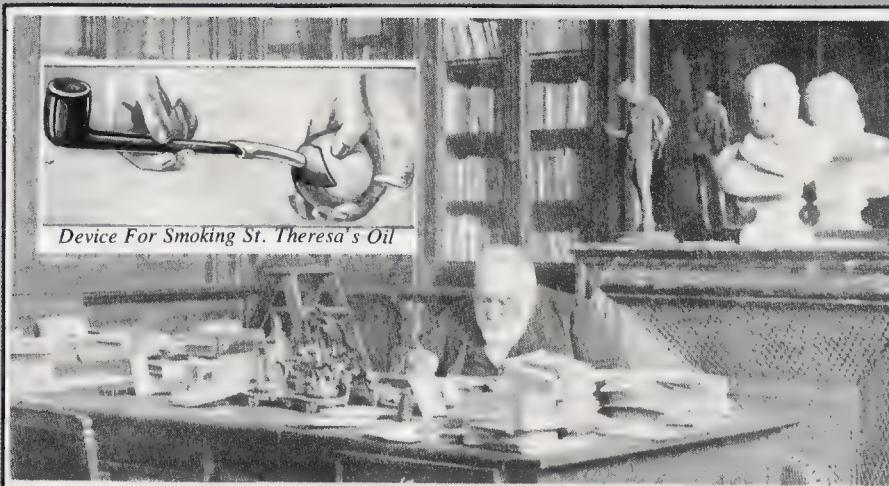
## Fester Boyle In His Laboratory

Status . . . the force in nature that prevents very tall buildings from falling over, was discovered by Fester Boyle, shunned as a child for reasons he is still unable to explain, Boyle spent hours with the nagging feeling that he was missing some very real physical and emotional sensations, apparently enjoyed by those around him. This hypothetical force he named "Status". All that was left was to devise an experiment to prove the existence of such a force and eliminate it from his mind entirely! This highly desireable occurrence never took place. That mysterious force, for whose nomenclature history credits Boyle, haunted him to his mausoleum!



## Spiritual Pliers

This ancient artifact is proof that pliers were once deified and used in sacred ceremonies! Millions of years ago, ancient astronauts gave us pliers with which to find our way to the stars!



*Device For Smoking St. Theresa's Oil*

## Lothario Canibizzaro

The material substance which causes philosophic reactions in nature, was first discovered by the technical theologian Lothario Canibizzaro. He isolated small droplets of a strange substance said to have been found on the forehead of Saint Theresa of The Pain and Misery, before her untimely death. It was kept preserved (in a small alabaster bottle) by the monk Evangellista Drycelli who evidently had misplaced it, and it did not appear again until 500 years later, when Luciano Caprelli, a contemporary of Canibizzaro's, brought some by and proposed that they smoke it! During the strange stupor induced by St. Theresa's oil, insight into the nature of the Universe was gained.

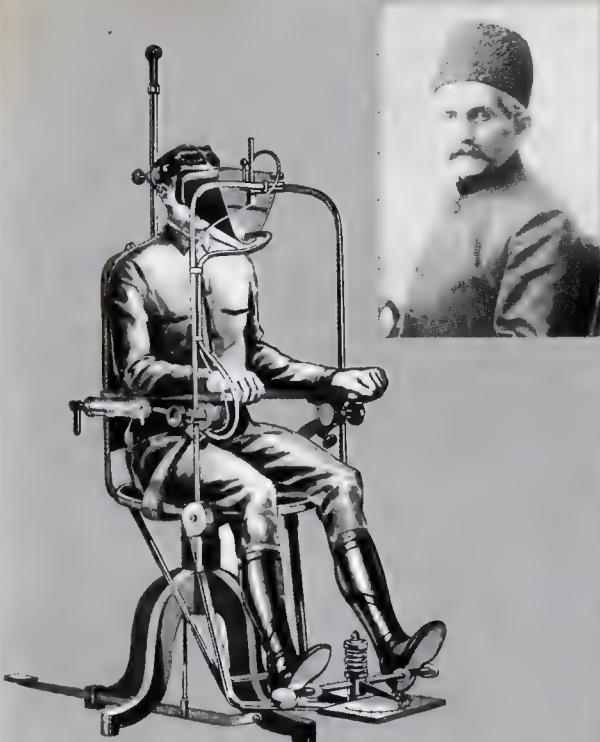
He reasoned, with some difficulty, that the universe was made up of millions of tiny philosophic croutons, each with an electrical charge of 11 culombs. These particles, which he compared to vibrating emotionally charged oyster crackers, he found to be suspended in a soup of mysterious forces which he was unable to identify, but was quite suspicious of!



*Inevitable Measuring Device*

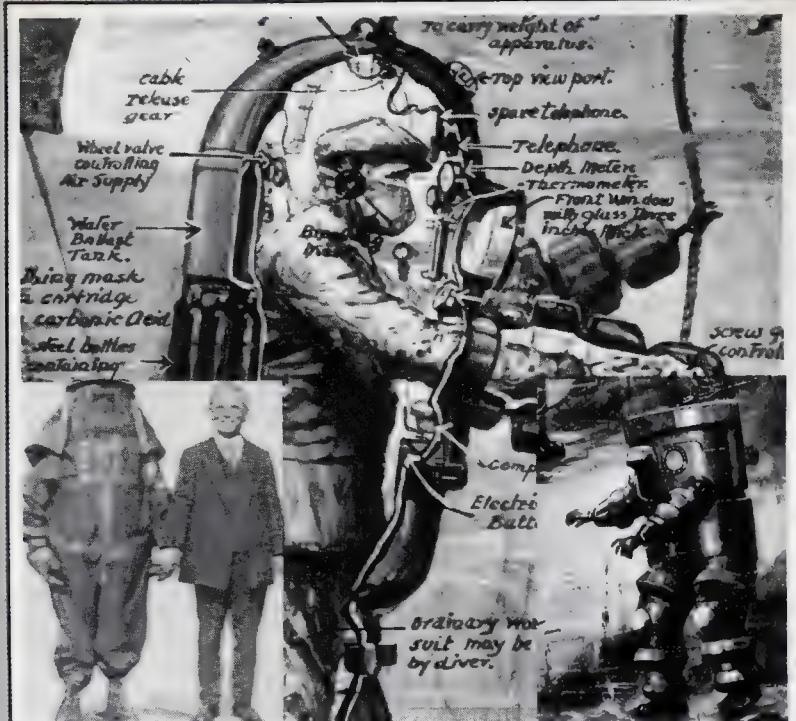
## Jean Paul Touche

Jean Paul Touche was the first to discover the accurate formula for weighing the inevitable against uncertainty! The force of the inevitable had only recently been discovered as strangely influencing the course of human events, and having the capability of causing widespread havoc among the microscopic philosophic croutons already discussed.



### Device For Clearing the Moral Purpose

This device was developed by Dr. Joseph Voxcol! "Ambition has been discovered to be a brown gooky substance found under the eyelids, and if not thoroughly scraped out, it can cause eventual moral blindness!" quoth the good Doctor. "My device attacks each individual individually!" he said, adding that the strange machine will "do whatever is necessary to beat the person into moral shape!"



Enebritch with early prototype

### Armouring Against Impropriety

"The only way we can shield ourselves from the forces of society is with steel and lead!" With these words, professor B. Enebritch began construction of the first prototype apparatus designed to insulate man from emotional pain! "My device allows for every human function,—eating, sleeping, and walking—everything you need, self-contained for withstanding a hostile environment! "Life is hard enough without the additional burden of human contact" said Enebritch at the inception of his idea. Enebritch's suits of armor became fashionable and brought him windfall profits shortly before his death.

### Digital Tortoelli And His . . . Human Behaviour Simulator



Many of the social mores we practice today can be easily traced to Tortoelli's invention—the First Human Simulator. "The only way we can truly know life is to simulate it in the laboratory!" said Tortoelli at the time of his brainstorm. After 10 long years of sporadic effort, the scientist produced "Johnny" whom Tortoelli referred to as "My only true friend!" They would spend long hours together discussing metaphysics and the true make-up of polyethelene. When digital Tortoelli died, he donated "Johnny" to the Smithsonian, where he can be seen today.



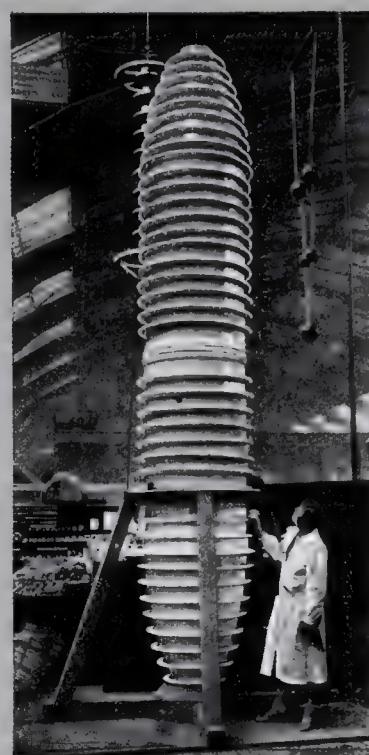
### De-Smugometer

The De-Smugometer was invented for de-toxifying the conceited or the convinced. The device, whose Rube Goldbergian appearance misleads the untrained eye, is none the less effective as it roots out self-delusion and inner-deception! The origins of this device are as vague as the inventor himself, who covered his tracks and has not been heard from!



### Speaking to her True Nature

Here we see MaryAnn Melba, the former medium, and now in ventress, speaking to her true nature, communicating with her true essence! This is accomplished through her own marketed and patented invention, the Auto-Suggestion Stimulator! "I've often thought that the only people in true communication with themselves are those who take the time to talk to themselves", says MaryAnn. "This device makes it less conspicuous and embarrassing!"



### Libido Testor

Moral and Philosophical Technology is by no means limited to the past! N.A.S.A. has recruited several dozen psycho analytical / techno / moral / scientific mechanics! And look what they've come up with! We wonder how it works!

# GLURSH!

(continued from page 45)

of them ever say just *how* big it is.

What I'm trying to say is that my hole is only so big, and if your thing won't fit into my thing, well, you see what a bad scene it could be.

I am enclosing a Peter Meter. Let me know how long and how wide you are so I can see if you will fit.

Sincerely yours,  
Mary Ann Belcher

Orgasm soon discovered that he would need an assistant. After his first case (which he botched), he realized that it was extremely impractical to carry around a centerfold to glance at while using his secret weapon, as he needed both hands to aim properly.

So, after his first case was over, he apologized profusely to the innocent bystanders who were dripping with semen, and put an ad in the paper:

**WANTED: ATTRACTIVE GIRL WITH GOOD BODY TO HELP SUPERHERO BATTLE FOES AND FIGHT CRIME. MUST BE WILLING TO EXPOSE SELF IN PUBLIC. LOW PAY BUT HIGH PRESTIGE. NO KOOKS. 581-4903, AFTER 6.**

The first girl who answered the ad was named, of all things, Cream Puff.

"Hello?" she said when he picked up the phone.

"Yeah?"

"You the dude who wants the sexy sidekick?"

"Uh huh."

"You for real? I mean, you're not going to rape me or anything? 'Cause the arrangement sounds really freaky. I think I could really get into it, as long as you don't get into me."

"No," Orgasm assured. "Nothing like that. You just have to throw off your clothes really quick so that I can jerk off."

"Oh wow."

And the crime-fighting team of Orgasm and Cream Puff was born.

Dear Orgasm,

Could I have a picture of you? Just from the waist down will be okay.

Love,

Joanne Phillips

P.S. An autograph would be nice, but I'd rather have a little glob of you-know-what stuck on the back.

Orgasm and Cream Puff were relaxing in their posh Sunset Strip headquarters, watching reruns of *A Clockwork Orange*, when the phone rang. It was just getting to be Orgasm's favorite part (where Alex beats a woman to death with a giant sculptured penis "It's the only cock bigger than mine!" Orgasm would say jokingly), so Cream Puff unselfishly answered it.

"Yeah?" Cream Puff mumbled, over

the sounds of heavy thuds.

"Police. There's a stolen car, a flesh-colored Volvo, headed south on Beach Street. Just passed Patton Lane. Two men inside. Catch them." Click.

Cream Puff hung up and fastened the belt around her raincoat. "Come on," she said tersely. "Stolen car. Headed south on Beach Street."

Orgasm jumped to his feet and put his mask on, leaving the projector running. Together, the two superheroes slid down the two thick poles (that were of a certain unusual shape) to their garage and jumped into their Dickmobile.

Ah yes, the Dickmobile.

There is a man who lives in Los Angeles who makes automobiles to order. For instance, he has built a car in the shape of a lemon which is painted bright yellow. He has made an old Studebaker into a four-wheeled pickle. He has made a bathtub into an auto, and an auto into a bathtub. He has even designed and built the Shit-wagon, which resembles one huge piece of dog feces.

One day, while he was working in his studio, he got a phone call.

"Yeah?" he said, listening.

Five seconds later: "You want what?"

He thought about the proposed vehicle for a moment, then gave the caller a choice of having it made out of a '69 Grand Prix or the original Oscar Meyer Weiner Wagon. The caller chose the Weiner Wagon.

Three months later, it was finished.

The Dickmobile.

"There they are, Orgasm!" Cream Puff shouted, tightening her grip on the wheel.

"Yeah, I see them. Okay, get ready. This isn't going to be easy."

They had never worked from a moving car before. They pulled closer to the flesh-colored Volvo in front of them. A bit less distance and they would be within range.

"Okay," Orgasm said. "Stand by." He shoved his legs and pelvis over the door, keeping his body erect by sheer strength of will. Painfully, he rolled over on his side and tilted his head back so that he could see Cream Puff clearly, albeit sideways, and could point his phallus at the stolen automobile.

Abruptly, the stolen car put on speed and pulled away from them.

"Follow them, Creamy!" Orgasm screamed, frenzied. She pressed the accelerator to the floor and the car jerked forward.



"We're gaining on them!" Cream Puff said jubilantly, as Orgasm struggled with his zipper. The effort of resisting both the slipstream and gravity was tremendous. Orgasm managed to get the zipper all the way down and liberated his organ from its woven confines. He hoped feverishly that his muscles wouldn't give out before the job was done.

They drew closer and closer to the Volvo. It was obvious that the Volvo's driver was in a state of panic; he kept glancing back and weaving back and forth, terrorized.

Orgasm placed his fingers gently on his penis. The time was drawing near.

Soon, the stolen car was only a few feet ahead of them.

"Now!" Orgasm screamed.

Keeping one hand on the wheel, Cream Puff pulled one side of the raincoat off her shoulders and chest, leaving her right breast exposed. "It's not much!" she yelled over the noise of the slipstream, "but it'll have to do!"

Orgasm gazed intently on the curve of her breast, the rounded point of her nipple.

*Whack! Whack! Splursh!* Orgasm climaxed.

Sweating with determination of duty, Orgasm tore his eyes from Cream Puff's perfect flesh and fastened a steady gaze on the Volvo. He slapped his cock one more time for good measure, then aimed carefully. He had very little time; split-second accuracy was essential.

The first and second jets of semen sailed up in perfect arcs and splattered in front of the Volvo. "No good!" Orgasm yelled. "Slow down!"

Cream Puff slammed on the brakes. The third release of sperm landed right on target—in the middle of the Volvo's windshield. The automobile swerved, slowed. The driver, unable to see through the soiled windshield, stuck his head out the window and the car accelerated.

*Whap!* Orgasm moved his cock slightly to the left, and Cream Puff

speeded up to keep pace with the Volvo.

*SPLAT!* A jet of semen exploded in the driver's face. Blinded, he had no choice but to bring the car to a halt, while frantically trying to wipe the sticky substance from his face.

A police siren began to screech. A patrol car was on its way to take the miserable offenders to jail.

Orgasm and Cream Puff both smiled. Once again, justice and good old American sperm had triumphed.

Dear Orgasm,

I have just turned thirteen and am planning to begin beating off. However, I am not sure just what is the best way to do it. Should I do it standing up or lying down? Which magazines have the best pictures and where can I get them? Is it best to wait till my parents leave the house, or should I just close the door and start whacking away? Do I keep it a secret or tell my friends about it or invite them over to join in or what?

I read *Portnoy's Complaint*, but it wasn't much help. Besides, using Mounds bar wrappers and liver and cored apples to beat off with is really sick. And I'm not a pervert.

Please reply, as I hate doing anything wrong.

Yours truly,  
Marty Budweiser

Orgasm patted his cock affectionately one last time before he replaced it inside his pants. Once again it had done its duty. The car thieves had been loaded into a paddywagon, and he and Cream Puff had been thanked profusely. Now the superheroes were returning to their secret headquarters to relax and watch dirty movies.

"Hey, Orgasm," Cream Puff said, as they rounded a bend in the road. "Look at that tunnel."

Orgasm had just finished stuffing his tool into his trousers. He looked up. "Hey, I've never seen that tunnel before . . . wait a second." And then

recognition struck him like a kick in the balls. . .

"My God!" he exclaimed. "It looks like . . . a huge cunt!"

The Dickmobile sped steadily toward the mouth of the tunnel. "It must be a trap!" Orgasm screamed. "Stop the car!"

But it was too late. They had reached the tunnel opening. As soon as the car entered, the two superheroes felt themselves being sucked further and further inside.

The darkness inside the tunnel was complete. Orgasm reached over to the driver's side of the dashboard and turned on the interior lights.

Suddenly, Cream Puff screamed.

"What's wrong?" Orgasm said quickly.

Cream Puff was trembling. "The walls," she moaned. "They're closing in on us!"

Indeed they were. The tunnel's soft red interior was rapidly shrinking.

"This looks like the work of organized crime!" Orgasm bellowed

With a soft whoosh, the pliant red interior surrounded the car and began to press against the sides.

"Pressure," Cream Puff whined. "It's going to crush us!" We're going to die!"

For the first time since he had assumed the role of guardian of the people, Orgasm was afraid for his life. "Hold me, Cream Puff," he said throatily. "Hold me tight."

She dug down into his pants and took hold of his penis.

"The Dickmobile" he mumbled as his growing member strained against the fabric of his trousers. "It's going to break up any moment!"

She stroked his organ, which throbbed. So did the sides of the car.

He came just as the car was crushed, and suddenly the two superheroes were surrounded by flowing, shimmering red. It pressed on them, smothered them, and soon the red turned to blackness. . . .

END



# Anal Tradition

(continued from page 30)

"Have one of these, you disabled whore!" he says, stuffing the last pygmy anus down her throat. She goes gagging into the back yard, and splash! her afternoon crumpets melt the snow at her feet and ruin her shoes. Her puke stained dress is off now, she's into the holiday spirit, she throws her legs around father's head and knocking him down, says "Give up, you swaggering fat Englishman! Have you heard of clams Billoughsry? Savor this handy morsel of hair!"

Mother laughs because Dame is always so funny at Christmastime. What has she brought the children this year? Stewart rips his present open. Stewart, young Stewart, smashes the locomotive against the brick hearth and yells "I wanted a gyro! I wanted a gyro! Where is my gyro? Why can't I be like the other lads hereabouts?" he whines.

"Silence!!!" shouts father. "What did you get, Katie?" She still has the tinsel on her tush, and her face and dress are splattered with the desert sauce. She doesn't even open her present. She impales the pretty wrapped gift on the fire poker and slow roasts it over the flames like a marshmallow.

"Nothing's good enough for me!"

she shouts. "What I want comes in pants, not pretty packages!"

"Aren't they lovely Dame Billoughsry?" says mother, as she clears the plates. Dame is too drunk now to answer, and lies on top of father in the cupboard, passed out with marmalade in his pants.

Soon the house is quiet, and all asleep except for Stewart and Kate, who creep down from the ups upstairs to surprise Saint Nick and the reindeer, as they do every year. Stewart greases the inside of the chimney so Santa can get down easily. There is a rotten smell in the parlour—it's Uncle Jim! He's still asleep on the stove, and now his ribs are cooking, and it stinks.

"How will we stop the stink, Kate?"

"Throw him in the road!"

Together they tow out the bard and dump him in the gutter to join several other unidentified persons who share the public berth. When St. Nick finally comes down the chimney, the children red-eye him and yell, "Red-Eye!" "Red-Eye!" with their little polished moons looking right at him, cheeks pulled apart, giving the family salute! He's so pleased. Every year it's the same at the Anus Cottage in old Dover, the parents drunk and just time for a little anal tradition! Down goes the big bag of presents, there'll be extra ones for the Anus children as always—and

down go the pants, and bam, bam, Kate first, then Stewart, young Stewart. Kate is exhausted, but whines, as Santa dresses, to be allowed to be one of his reindeer; and wear the harness next to Donner and Blitzen.

It's dark now, the embers are low. Saint Nick leaves the presents around the Fig Tree the Anus family always uses, and clammers out the front door. . .

"Goodbye children, goodbye 'til next year!"

Stewart and Kate curl up with each other for a final blast in front of the fire, and as the night curls in upon them, Kate says: "Isn't Daddy funny?"

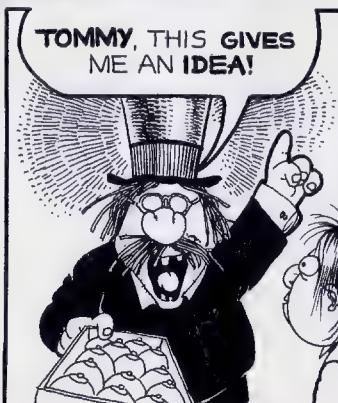
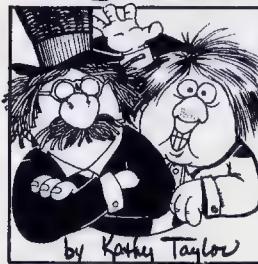
## Truckers

(continued from page 11)

I'll never forget the hospitality, the incredible crudeness and the amazing filth we saw on our tour. Truly, the truck driver is a hallmark American. Harpoon salutes the nation's road jockeys. Where would we be without their short tempers, and the belligerent style that's made them famous?

less with an invitation to sit for a few hours in a real trucker's sniper nest on Interstate 80 in Ohio where some of the boys were going to total a few autos and scare the 'sh!t out of a few Yankee truckers.

### Doctor Dan and Tommy Fudgemartin



# Sister Mary Talks to the Girls' Sodality

by Dennis O'Neil

Hello, girls.

My name is Sister Mary Dolorosa of the Tiny Sisters of the Wretched Misery and Father Flotsky has asked me to tell you some stories about people who love the Lord and people who *don't* love the Lord and how the Lord gets those who don't.

First, a *happy* story. You all like happiness, don't you? Fine.

Well. There was this truck driver—we'll call him Jim—and he was a busy fellow. Jim wasn't one of your sluggards; no ma'm. He worked *hard* for his wife and thirteen lovely children and each and every Sunday he put twenty-eight dollars in the collection plate. Jim really *loved* the Lord with his whole heart and soul—I mean really and *truly*. Each and every time he passed a church—a *Catholic* church, of course—he would stop his truck and run across the street even if it was raining and go into the vestibule and kneel down and whisper, “Jesus, this is Jim.” Then he would get back into his truck and continue his journey.

One day, as he was returning to the truck from his Visit to the Lord he was hit by a bulldozer driven by a drunken Communist and as he lay in the gutter, all crushed and smashed and bleeding, he heard a voice say, “Jim, this is Jesus.”

The nasty atheistic doctor said Jim was hallucinating, but Jim knew better because he died anyway. Didn't I *promise* you a happy ending?

But not everyone is as lucky as Jim. Some people *don't* love the Lord and they prove it by disobeying the priests and nuns who are the Lord's shepherds here on Earth and, as I said, the Lord makes sure they get theirs. For example, there was this girl—we'll call her Patricia Frances—who didn't believe it when Father warned her not to let the Consecrated Host touch her teeth when she was receiving Holy Communion. She actually *bit* the Host, and im-



mediately each and every tooth in her mouth turned to paper.

She wasn't the *worst* I've known, though—no, ma'm. There was this slut . . . this pupil of mine in Eighth Grade at Blessed Hammer of the Divine Crucifixion—we'll call her Iris Jane Brodnik—and she insisted on wearing shiny patent leather shoes. I don't have to tell you girls what a Near Occasion of Sin shiny patent leather shoes are because the boys can be tempted by the Devil to look at them and see a reflection of what the Lord never intended them to see, ever. She would wear them each and every single day and *nothing* I could do caused her to mend her ways. Her mother was a Protestant and that probably explains part of it. Anyway, the little snip thought she was putting one over on me, which wouldn't be so bad except I am a Bride of Christ and as the Good Book says, “The Lord is not mocked and neither is His wife.” Do you know what happened to Iris Jane as a direct result of wearing those sinful patent leather shoes? She caught a *disease*. Horrible huge carbunkles grew on her toes and she was never able to wear *any* kind of shoes again and she went through life with her feet full of blisters and slivers.

I've saved the worst for last. Close the door, dear—I wouldn't want even Father to hear *this*. It concerns what *can* happen between girls and boys and it's about a subject I'm sure you're all interested in, which is Chrisitan Burial.

There was this girl—we'll call her Roberta Elizabeth Murdoch—and a boy named George Somethingorother. They were from Good Catholic Homes, both of them, and at first they behaved properly. They always had at least one couple extra along on their social engagements and they stopped at the Shrine of the Blessed Virgin to pray for purity before they went anywhere and they never attended movies not approved by the Legion of Decency. But

the Devil had his eyes on them and gradually they began to walk the path toward Sin. They would *lie* to their poor mothers and fathers. They would say they were going out to attend a Sodality meeting or a class picnic and then they would drive around *lonely country roads*—by *themselves*—and that in itself was a Near Occasion of Mortal Sin, and we're not even counting the Venial Sin of lying. But it was only the beginning.

You see, there was this place on Lake Protestant called Smoochers Point or something equally lewd where non-Catholic couples would sit in parked automobiles and do what the Lord intended to be done only to replenish the supply of His children, or almost do it. One night Roberta and George actually drove to Smoochers Point and the Devil had them then. It was cold and apparently George left the engine running while he and Roberta gambled with their immortal souls—gambled and lost! What they didn't realize was that there was a hole in the floor of the car and deadly carbon monoxide gas was seeping in.

The next morning the police found them dead and—I'll have to say it—make the sign of the cross, girls—dead and *unclothed*!

Their poor parents pleaded and begged, but the Bishop had no choice. Roberta and George *had* to have given sufficient forethought to their sin—after all, the car didn't drive itself to Smoochers point. And it was a grievous sin. And the state of their unclothedness left no doubt they died giving *fullest* consent.

So, despite the parents' tears and offers of large sums to the parish building fund, the Bishop refused to permit Roberta and George to be buried in a Catholic Cemetery and they had to be shoved into the ground alongside some Atheists.

Let that be a lesson, girls.

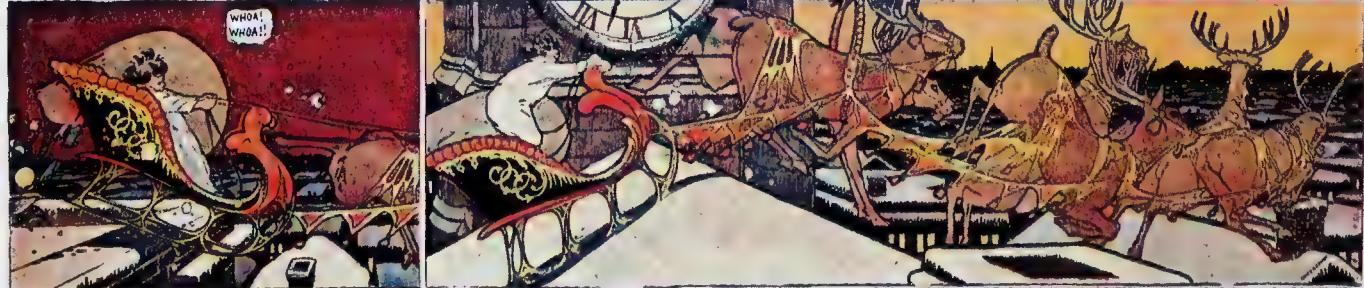
# LITTLE NEMO IN SLUMBERLAND



1 LITTLE NEMO HAD WAITED FOR SANTA CLAUS UNTIL HIS EYES WOULD NOT STAY OPEN, AND HE FELL ASLEEP. HARDLY HAD HE DONE SO WHEN 2 HE HEARD THE MERRY JINGLE OF THE BELLS. WITH 3 FLUSHED FACE AND 4 HEART BEATING HIGH, HE AROSE AND SCAMPERED UP STAIRS TO THE ROOF. 5 SANTA CLAUS WAS MOST SURELY COMING WITH THE SPEED OF AN AUTOMOBILE THROUGH THE AIR TOWARDS NEMO'S HOME, THE NIGHT 6 ED ABOUT IT AS IF IT WAS FOURTH OF JULY, AND WHEN SANTA TOLD HIM HE



5 MIGHT HOLD THE REINDEER WHILE SANTA WENT DOWN THE CHIMNEY, NEMO BROKE OUT INTO A PERSPIRATION. IT WAS QUITE CUTE IN SANTA CLAUS TO ENCOURAGE NEMO TO REMAIN ON THE ROOF. 6 TO DO SOME SLIGHT FAVOR FOR THIS FAMOUS AND KIND OLD MAN, HERE IS WHERE WHILE HE SHOULD GO BELOW AND FILL THE STOCKINGS NEMO HAD HUNG, BUT HE IS CUTE IN ALL HE DOES AND BEHIDES, NEMO CARED NOTHING ABOUT HIS PRESENTS NOW. WHEN HE WAS 7 OUR STORY BECOMES SAD, WE REGRET TO SAY, JUST AS SANTA CLAUS WAS DISAP-.



7 PEARING DOWN THE CHIMNEY, FOR SOME REASON KNOWN ONLY TO THEMSELVES, THE REINDEER BECAME SCANDALOUSLY UNRULY. NEMO, AS WE ALL KNOW, IS NO 8 COWARD, BUT IT IS DIFFICULT FOR US TO IMAGINE HIM IN ANY OTHER STATE OF MIND, WHILE BOUNDING FROM ROOF TO ROOF, THAN ONE OF EXTREME FRIGHT. HOWEVER, WHILE WE ARE TREMB-ING WITH FEAR FOR HIM, HE IS BUSILY ENGAGED GETTING THEM UNDER CONTROL. A LARGE SACK OF CHRISTMAS GIFTS WHICH AWAITED DISTRIBUTION IN THE SLEIGH WAS RAPIDLY.



9 EMPYING ITSELF IN A MANNER TOTALLY DIFFERENT FROM WHAT WAS INTENDED BY THE OLD GENTLEMAN, WHO LEFT MANY MILES BEHIND, WAS AT THIS MOMENT — 10 FILLING NEMO'S STOCKINGS AT HOME, WHILE DOLLS, DRUMS, BICYCLES, AND TOYS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION WERE BEING SCATTERED IN ALL DIRECTIONS. NEMO WAS SWIMMING EVERY MUSCLE ENDEAVORING TO SAVE A FEW PIECES OF THE SLEIGH, WHICH WAS LIKEWISE SCATTERING ITSELF THROUGHOUT THE NEIGHBORHOOD. AS FOR THE REINDEER, THEY WERE.

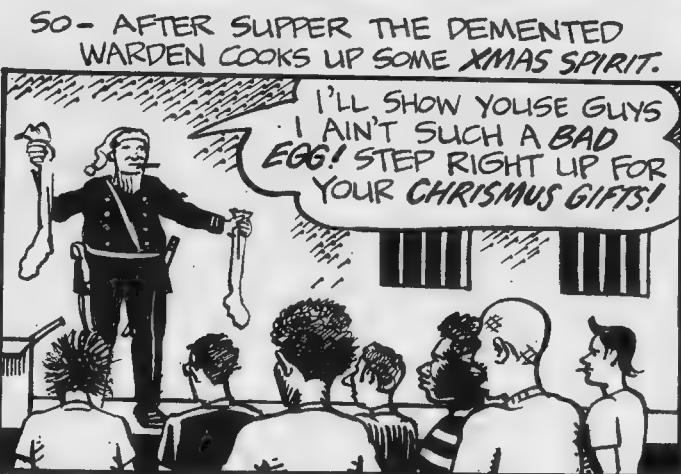
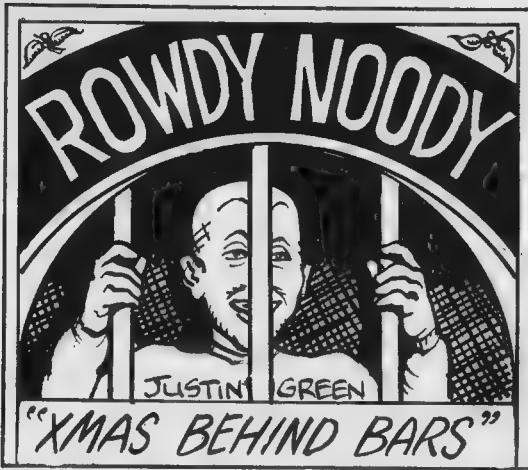


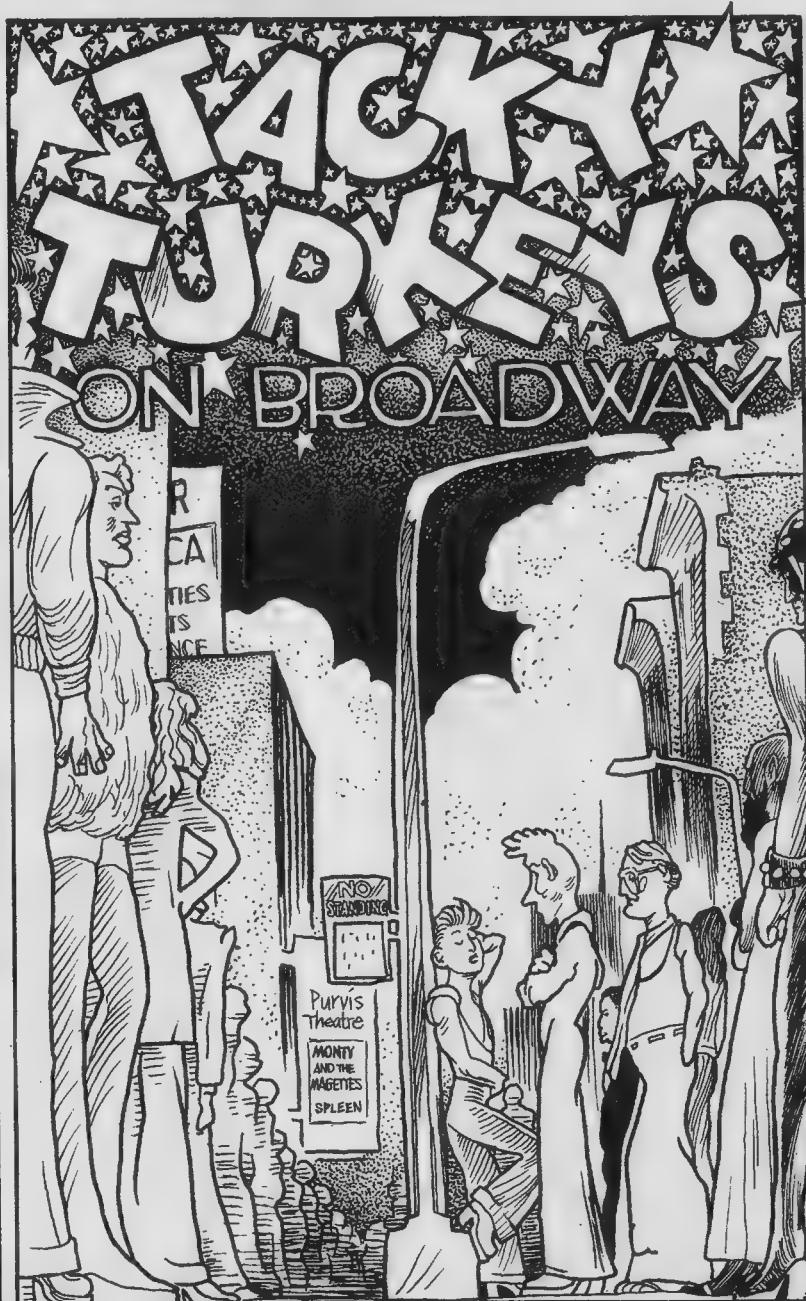
11 DISPLAYING AS LITTLE REGARD FOR ANYTHING ATTACHED TO THEM AS THEY WERE TO THEMSELVES AND FLEW MADLY AGAINST ANY 12 THEM, SOME HUNG TO THE REINS DESPERATELY UNTIL HE WAS 13 THEM. HIS LOUD YELLING ARROUSED HIS PAPA, WHO CAME AND AWAK-

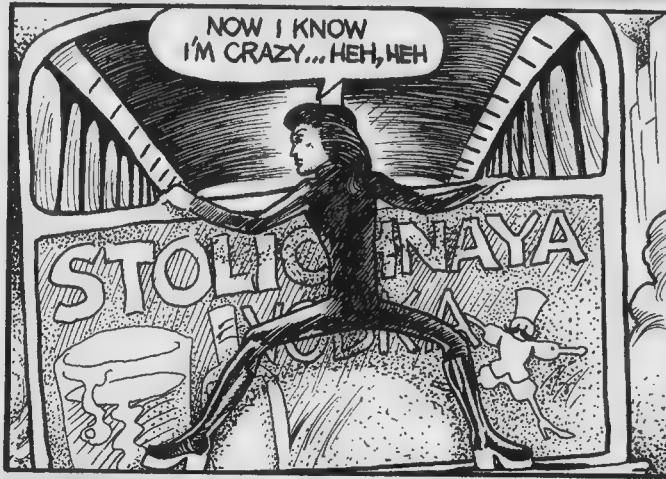
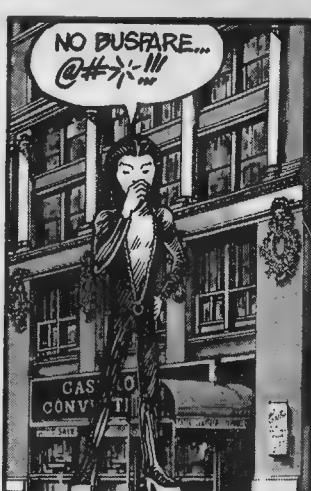
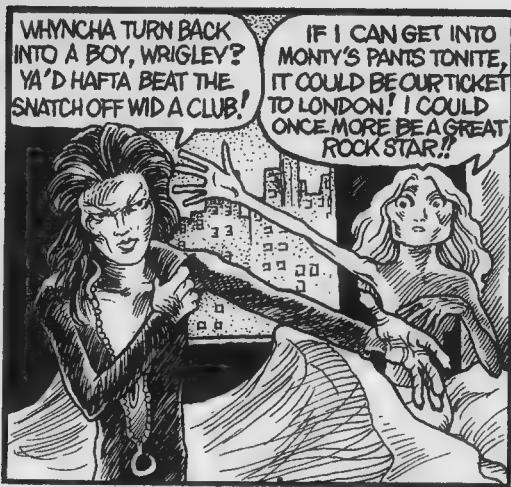


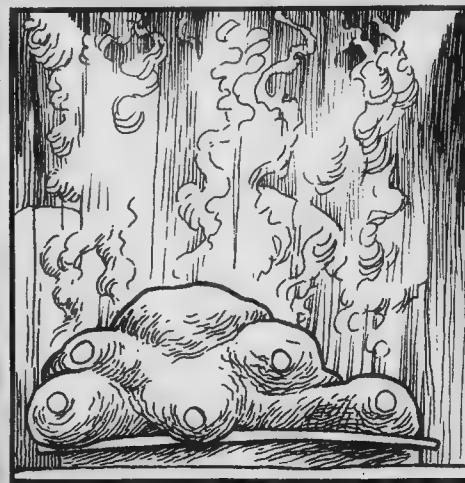
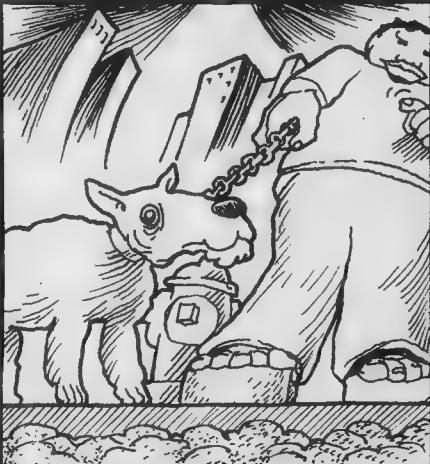
# HARPOON'S CARTOONS

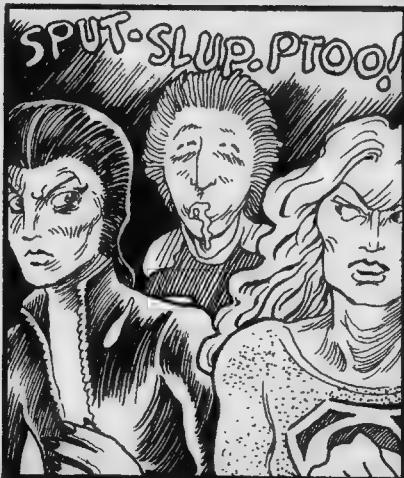
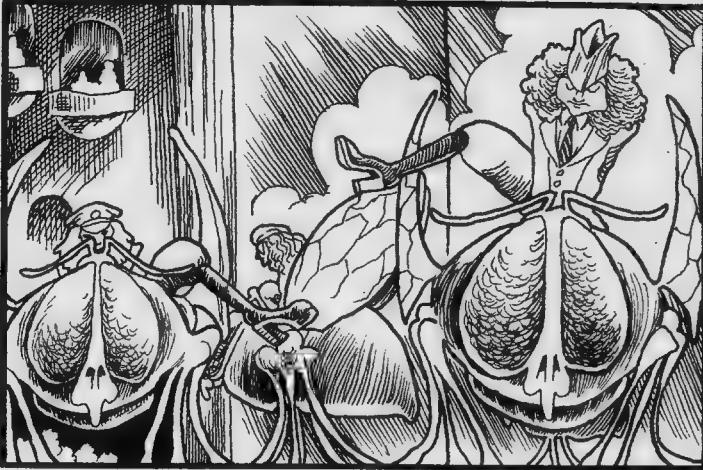
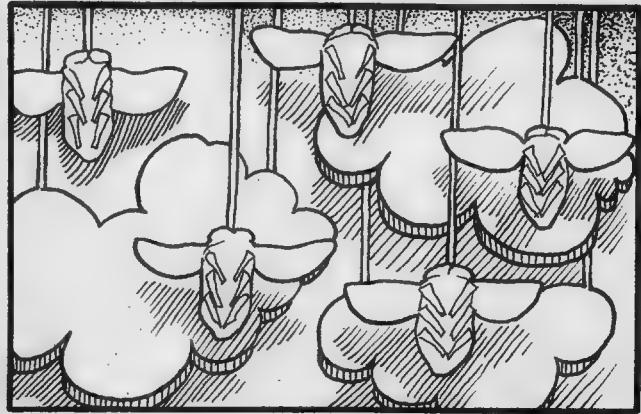
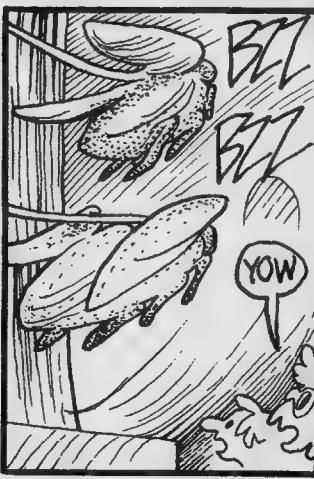
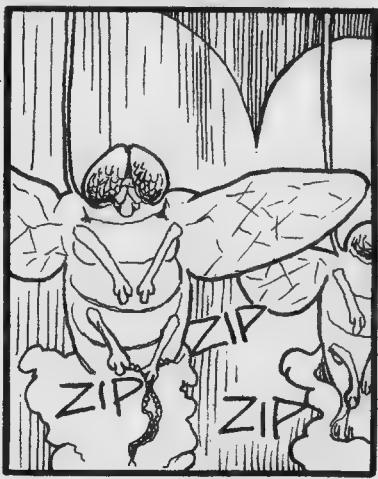
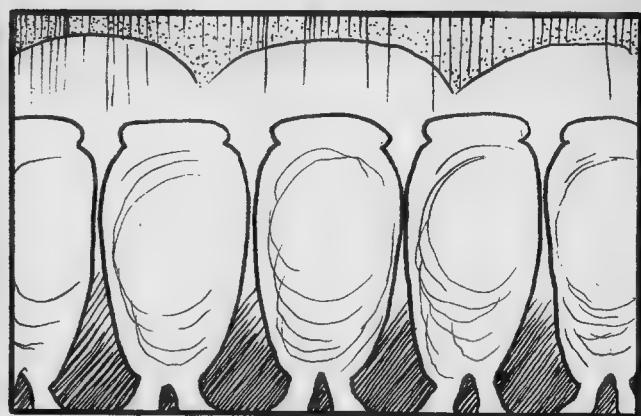












# STRONGARMS™

## vs. the Welfare Paradise

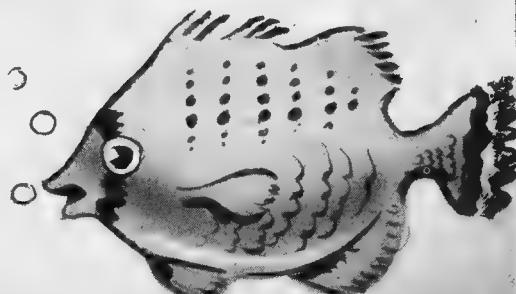
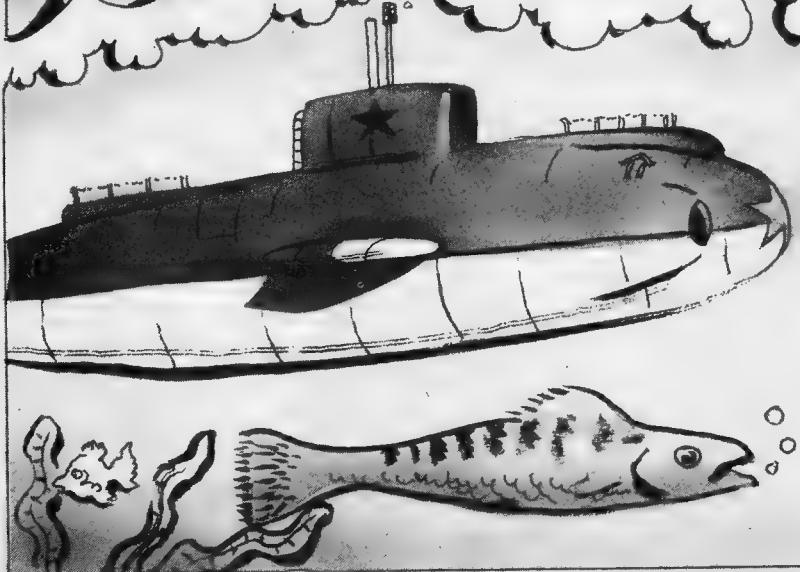
BY Tom Gasparotti

UH... LANCE ?  
I SEEM TO SEE  
A GIANT... UH...  
FISH, BELOW !

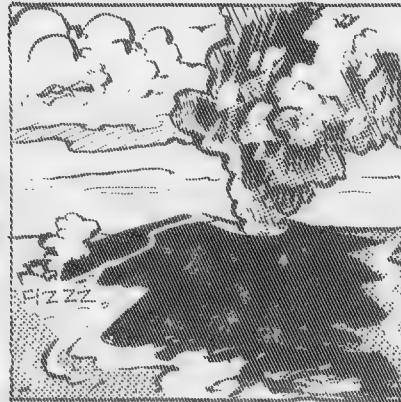
HA.. HA...  
WHAT A CRAZY  
IMAGINATION !



Featuring / THE CHINESE  
SUBMARINE

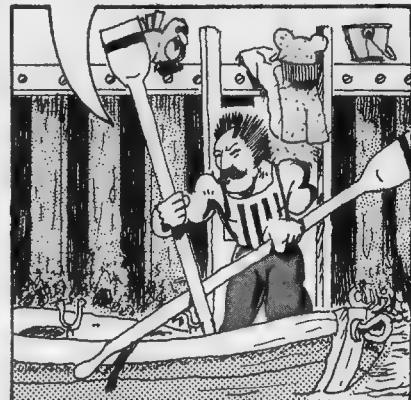


TEDDY, MY BOY... LET ME FILL IN THE BACKGROUND ON THIS URGENT MISSION IT SEEMS THAT 2 YEARS AGO...



AN ISLAND SURFACED 180 MILES OFF THE COAST OF MAINE. WITH OUR NEW 200 MILE TERRITORIAL LIMIT, THIS HUNK OF

LAVA BECOMES A NEW COUNTY OF OUR UNITED STATES OF AMERICA... GOD BLESS IT!



NEATO! GEE, WE CAN USE EVERY SOURCE OF GEOTHERMAL ENERGY!! HUH, LANCE!? ISN'T THAT SO?



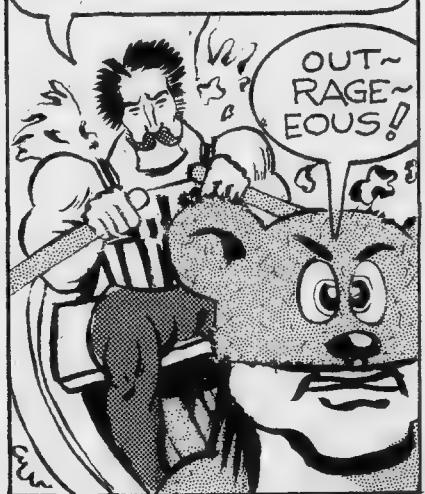
WELL, YES... BUT IN THIS CASE A LARGE MOB OF THE WORST TYPE OF THUGS MOVED ONTO THE... AH.. VOLCANIC ISLAND.



THESE COMMON CRIMINALS ESTABLISHED A WELFARE AND FOODSTAMP DEPARTMENT. THEN, THE "CHICKS" ALL DECLARED THE "FATHER" WAS "MISSING", AND NOW THEY'RE LIVING IN A WELFARE PARADISE.. SHOCKING!



THE GREAT IRONY IS THAT THERE ARE NO CHILDREN. IT SEEMS THAT THESE THUGS PRACTICE... YOGA!



THE CHIEF SAID, "CLEAN IT UP!" OH... WOW YOU TALKED TO JERRY.



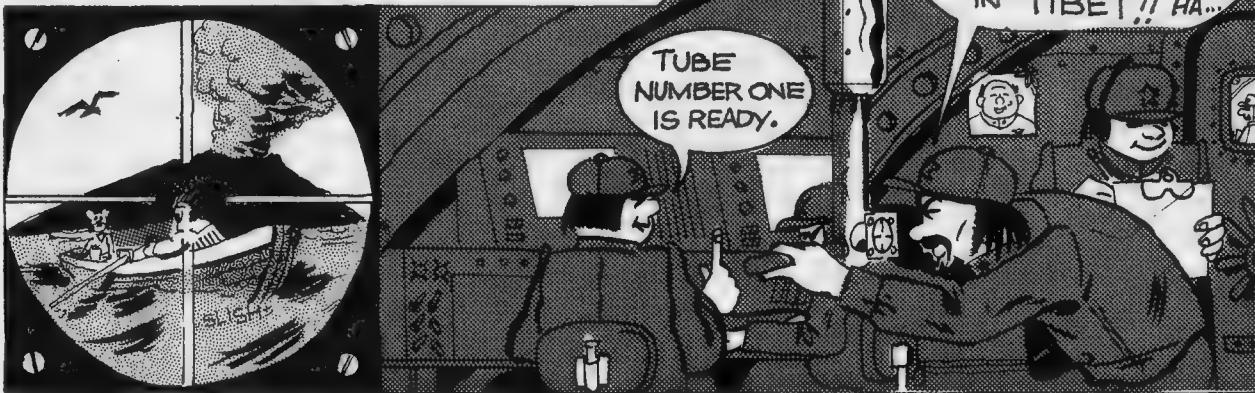
BUT, LANCE! LOOK THERE'S A WHOLE.. BIG.. CITY, GULP.



# STRONGARMS in *Sorpedo: Hide and Seek*! G 1974 BY Tom G.

©1974  
BY  
Tom G.

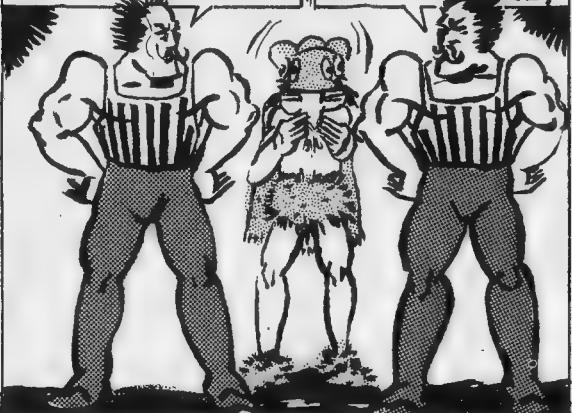
MEANWHILE: AS LANCE AND TEDDY-BOY ROW  
INTO THE HARBOR OF THE WELFARE PARADISE...  
LT. CHIN OF THE PEOPLES REPUBLIC OF CHINA'S  
NAVY; DRAWS DEADLY AIM AT HIS LONG,  
TIME TARGET FOR EXTERMINATION! WHEW!



**CONT'D.**

LANCE, YOU HAVE NO  
RIGHT TO INTERFER IN THESE POOR  
PEOPLES LIVES BECAUSE...

NOW WAIT A MINUTE,  
BROTHER! YOUR  
LEFTIST PHILOSOPHY  
WON'T STOP ME!

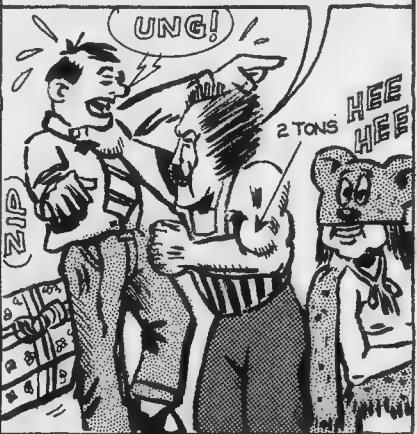


O.K. TEDDY,  
LET'S GET  
TO WORK!

GEE, THESE  
PEOPLE ARE  
REGULAR  
CITIZENS!



APPEARANCES ARE VERY  
DECIEVING. IT'S JUST A  
FACADE SO THEY WILL  
QUALIFY FOR MORE FEDERAL  
GRANTS... WHERE IS  
THAT WELFARE OFFICE?



A RIGHTEOUS RAGE GRIPS  
LANCE AS HE APPROACHES  
THE PORTALS OF THE KILLER  
OF CIVILIZATIONS..  
WELFARE.

JUST AS THE MONEY LENDER  
WAS CAST FROM THE TEMPLE...  
SO SHALL AN EYE  
FOR AN EYE, AVENGE  
THIS FRAUD AND THIEV-  
ERY... OOF!



LANCE CEASE! THIS  
IS NOT WELFARE  
ISLAND! THIS IS  
RENCHYERNECK,  
ICELAND!!



IT TAKES AN ENTIRE DIVISION OF THE  
ICELANDIC NATIONAL GAUD TO SUB-  
DUE THE MIGHTY MAN WHO ACCIDENTALLY  
OVER-ROWED HIS MARK BY 1,000 MILES!  
THE UN-STOPABLE LANCE STRONGARMS!





# MUTILATE of OMAHAW'S MILD KINGDOM PRESENTS **OPERATION RESCUE**



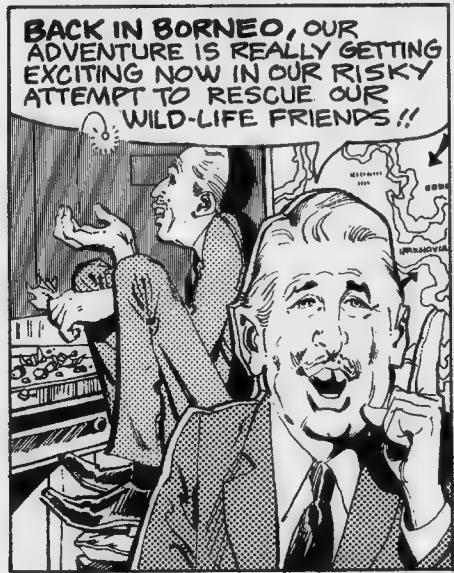
WHILE I TIED MY SHOE, JIM PRETENDED TO SCARE THE HECK OUT OF THOSE CUTE CRITTERS AND DRIVE THEM TOWARD US WITH STRATEGICALLY PLACED CHARGES OF DYNAMITE !!

BUT FIRST....

WHEN THREATENED, A MOTHER LION WILL EAT HER KITTENS! YOU WILL EAT UP THIS OFFER FROM MUTILATE OF OMAHAW!

WHEN MY HUSBAND PASSED ON, I THOUGHT I'D HAVE TO GO BACK TO BEING A TOPLESS DANCER!

BUT MUTILATE OF OMAHAW HAD A CHECK IN HER HAND BEFORE THE STIFF WAS COLD!!

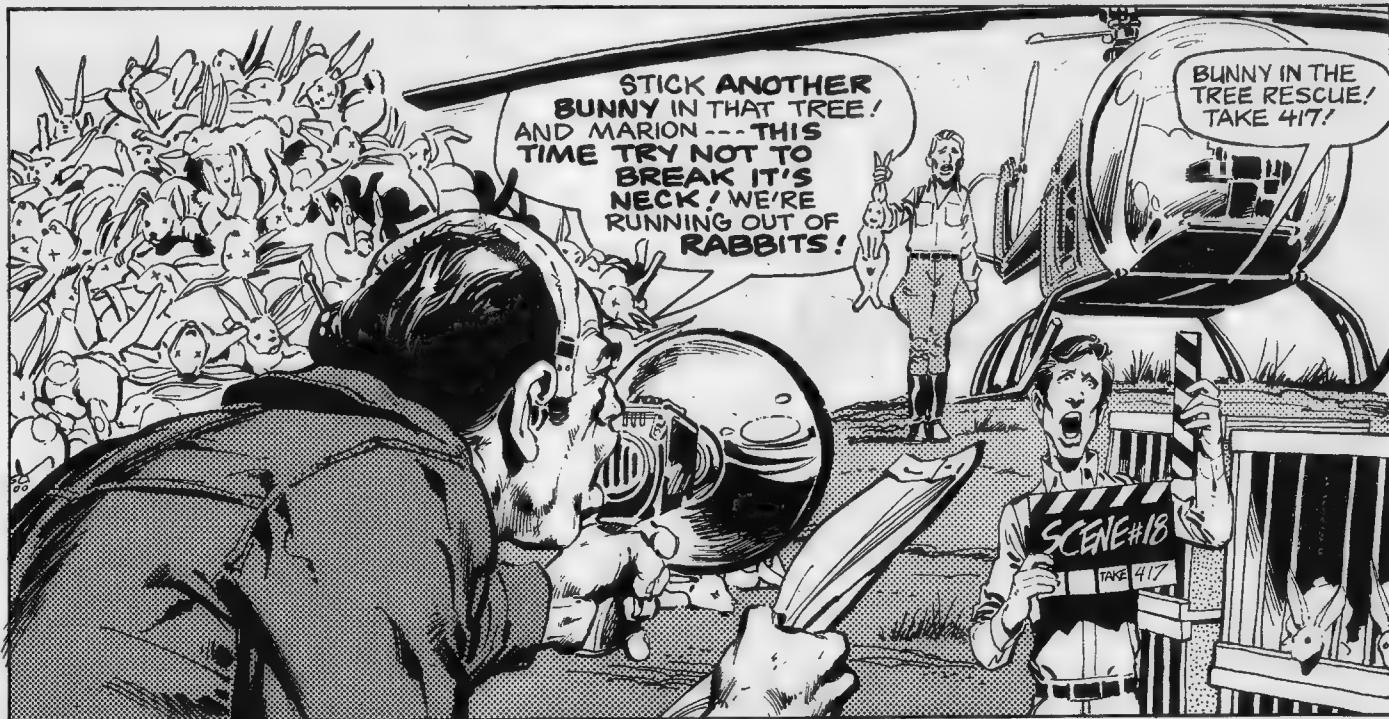


MISTAKING US FOR AN ENEMY, THE BUNNIES HAD STRUCK BACK. WORK ON THE GROUND HAD BECOME IMPOSSIBLE. WHEN ENRAGED, A HERD OF BUNNIES CAN TRAMPLE A MAN TO DEATH AS EASILY AS CAN THREE RHINOS! WE TOOK TO THE AIR ...

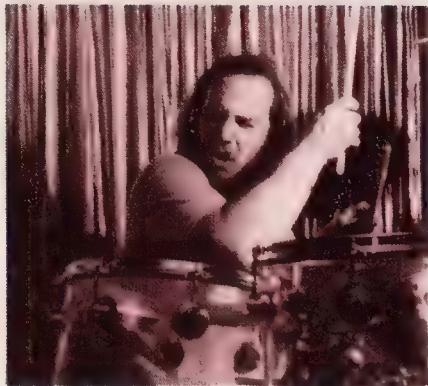
SOMEBODY HAS ARMED THOSE BASTARDS! WE GOTTA FIGHT BACK!!

HAND ME THE APPROPRIATE TOOL!

NO-NO! NOT THE BAZOOKA! NOT WHILE THE CAMERA IS ON US! GIVE ME THE POLE GARROT!



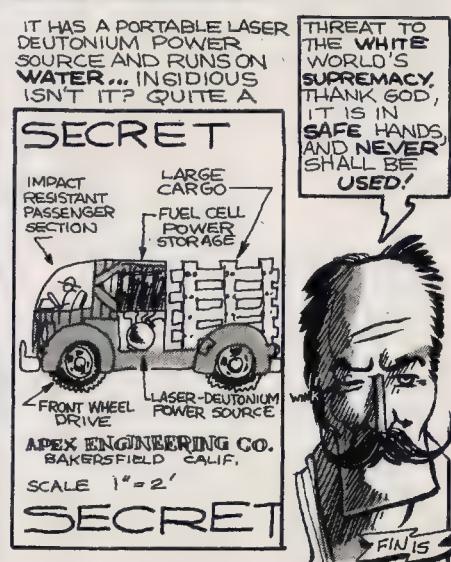
# Hemorrhoidal Drummer Photo-Novella Contest Second Prize



BOTCHCAT



**LANCE & LEX**  
THE STRONGARMS  
featuring their 'PAL', TEDDY-BOY...  
"PERILOUS PERIFIDITY  
POSTERIORLY PROFOUNDED"  
© 1972 CREATED BY TOM GASPAROTTI ESG



# Dorothy Do's & Don't's DATING COUNSELLOR

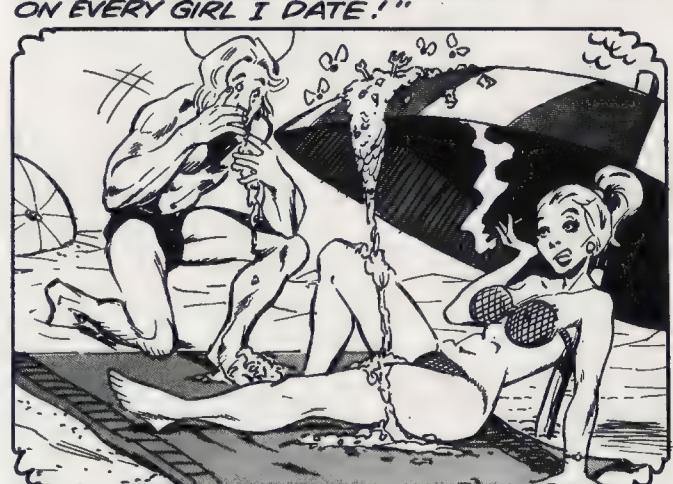


STORY: SKRENES AND SKEATES ART: ALAN KUPPERBERG



"WHENEVER I'M NEAR A GIRL, I CAN'T CONTROL MY... PROJECTILE VOMITING!"

"I VOMIT, HEAVE, PUKE, TOSS MY COOKIES, UPCHUCK, REGURGITATE OR BLOW MY LUNCH ON EVERY GIRL I DATE!"



"AND THEY NEVER COME TO THE PHONE AGAIN, EVEN SO I CAN APOLOGIZE."



67

ALL NEW  
*Heather and Heather*  
J. Lare



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# CLASSIFIED



**RUBBER** Couple with strong interest in garden hoses and automobile tires would like to meet couple with similar interests. Willing to try rubber bands and pencil erasers with right people.

**CONDOMS** Elderly couple has made fortune picking up used condoms, washing, rerolling and marketing on exclusive franchise basis. Long list of steady customers, many in your area. Come in colors, w/funny sayings, biblical quotes.

**BALLOONS** Accent that special date or important job interview with a balloon. Coordinated with suit or outfit, tied on belt or collar leaving both hands free, you can't miss. Thousands of colors, patterns, styles to choose from. Simply throw away when you're through. Not for children. (See below.)

**MORE BALLOONS** Children miffed when Dad leaves for work with a balloon can be placated with durable children's balloons. Made of tin, they never fade away under hot sun or suddenly pop, frightening and injuring children and pets. Child learns while he plays so you come out ahead.

**JIVE** Have you this gift? You can cultivate it with our cassette recorded instructions. Forget being dull-witted, boorish. Be interesting, fascinating person. Talk fast, say less, get more said in less time with less thinking. Keeps you free for more important things.

**PENCILS** Man with incredible repertoire of pencil tricks will entertain at your party for meals, conversation. Skills put masters of yo-yo, book matches, etc. to shame. Pencil imitations, lecture on history of pencil, tips on sharpening, all extra.

**PLIERS** Here's a complicated tool that confounds many, can cause unneeded injuries in hands of an amateur. Series of lessons, progressively arranged in attractive booklet, make you an expert. Free bonus booklet, "Tricks with Pliers."

**NEWSPAPERS** Everyone has newspapers, most don't know what to do with them. Don't throw them out; you can redecorate your home, even make big \$\$\$\$. Curtains, sofas, dinner plates, lighting fixtures—all can be made safely and cheaply with newspapers. Why pay more? Bonus to first 100 who write in—plans for making lawnmower from newspapers.

**INSULATION** Man would like to get in touch with someone who will beat him with insulation batting and roofing shingles. Has had sexual relations with hammer, open-end wrench, other tools. Background in construction or mechanics preferred.

**MUZAK** Our publication cracks the Muzak code, gives you the low down on what's being said over this strange communications network that baffles millions. Know when to buy, when to sell, where to shop, who to know. You'll be envied by everyone.

**MICE** Many people work frustrations out at end of day swatting flies, hitting cockroaches with a hammer. New kit gives you thrill of tearing live mice apart. They reproduce quickly for constant supply. Cost of feed and cages hardly matters when you can shed ugly moods, relax with close friends or TV.

**TROUSERS** Man with trouser collection looking for odd sizes and rare fabrics. Has extra 33 waist, 22 inseam canvas and steerhide to trade, looking for gabardines tailored for dwarfs, anything for three-leggeds, unusual stains.

**BIRDS** Man who likes to be around dying animals, especially birds, asks you to send him whatever you have. He'll talk to the animal, entertain among friends, see to decent burial, homily. No maggots.

**EXPLAIN-O** Set of twenty books explains what you're doing, where you are, who everyone is. Indexed for easy reference. Now impossible for you to "miss the boat" on anything. Just look up the explanation beforehand to be ready for whatever comes.

**GARBAGE ESTATES** Everyone knows the dump is the best place for things like fine furniture, but you can't always get there. Now beat dump blues, inflation, with mobile home parked at edge of dump. Food, clothing, Christmas presents—now it's all free. When ready to move, just shove your home in. Why pay someone else?

**PAPER BAG** You can slash living costs yet still reside in big city. Live in a bag, get a new house, change of decor every time you shop. Process of miniaturization, backpacker lifestyle fit right in. Why go in for big upkeep?

**STANDING** Benefits of standing somewhere, instead of running around all the time, appeal to those at wits end with apartment hunting. Forget rent, monthly bills. Keep things in bus station lockers, wash up at gas stations, entertain in restaurants, sleep in movies. When you're not doing anything, just stand there.

**CORRAL** Here's the real West. You get: open sky, stars overhead; breezy, western-style living area; smell of real outdoors. Mediterranean furniture, pole lamps add touches of elegance.

**SPIT** Booklet tells you how to deliver hawkers and lungers quickly, efficiently, with pin-point accuracy. Good for laughs getting your points across. Emphasize distance, weight, trick shots as you see fit. Sponsor contests, get national rating.

**TRAVELER'S DELIGHT** House features indoor river with houseboat that can carry trailer home. Movie screens provide scenery. Put trailer on house boat, off you go. You're always at home, yet never there.

**TERMINAL RANCHETTES** Attractive prefab homes for people with less than a year to live. Just the thing for parents, relatives. Lack of medical supervision, bad water, faulty wiring all help. Why go on with the expense of supporting people who no longer give you anything?

**LEAVE YOUR SKIN** Experienced mystic shows you how. Also, hints on how to turn your body inside out. Amaze your friends. Be the life of the party. Wear your heart on your sleeve. Send \$3.98 to Famous Mystics Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

**BLOW YOURSELF UP** to gigantic proportions. Air pump plus special nozzles, only \$17.75. Tower over your friends. Float over the city. Fly out of this world. Ersatz Novelties, New Hyde Wallet, Ky.

**HAVE THAT UNSIGHTLY NOSE REMOVED** Fantastic cream makes bothersome surgery obsolete. Wipe cream on. Wipe nose off. Ten month supply, only \$1.95. Ersatz Novelties, New Hyde Wallet, Ky.

**NEW OFFICE DUPLICATOR** allows you to transform your home into a suburb. Write Suburban Developers, Kingston, N.Y.

**SUCCESSFUL POET** Quite popular, suffering temporary financial set-back, would like to trade name and reputation for bottle of good port. Box 379.

**LARGE BOTTLE** of cream soda seeks traveling companion to share expenses of cross-country trip. Apply in person. Ersatz Novelties, New Hyde Wallet, Ky.

**RAISE YOUR LEFT ARM** at home in your spare time. Apply deodorant. Reach high shelves. Ask to leave the room. Complete directions only \$1.00. Ersatz Novelties, New Hyde Wallet, Ky.

**LEAVE WORRIES ON DOORSTEP** Secret of grabbing coat and getting hat can make life complete. No need to walk in shade. Send \$3.49 to Sunny Side Street Foundation.

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